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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 552.—APRIL, 1942.

Art. 1.—MR CHURCHILL IN BIOGRAPHY.

1. *Winston Churchill*. By Robert Sencourt. Faber & Faber, 1940.
2. *Concerning Winston Spencer Churchill*. By Sir George Arthur. Heinemann, 1940.
3. *Battle*. By Hugh Martin. Gollancz, 1940.
4. *Mr Churchill*. By Philip Guedalla. Hodder & Stoughton, 1941.
5. *Winston Churchill*. By Lewis Broad. Hutchinson, 1941.

FROM the earliest days of ordered government, and indeed long before these, the rulers of all European countries have been drawn exclusively, until the close of the seventeenth century, from two castes of men : from ecclesiastics or territorial magnates. We need not be concerned with the governance of dominions, east or west, other than our own ; contenting ourselves with the generalisation, which we believe to be true, that in the main the policies directing the government of all countries have depended for their execution upon the early instruction and the personal environment of the ruler of the state. Readers of the 'Quarterly' do not need to be reminded of early territorial wars in our own country, instigated and fought to assuage the personal land-hunger of monarchs ; nor of still earlier ecclesiastical conflicts and terrors that lacerated England and Scotland at the bidding of the theological prejudices of their rulers. The upbringing, the ensuing temperaments of the Kings and Queens of England have always counted for a great deal in the history of their reigns ; and royal biographies that have not taken this essential factor into account have failed in a primary duty towards their subjects and their readers.

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As with monarchs, so with Prime Ministers, or Secretaries of State as they were called in the olden days. They, too, were drawn exclusively from princes of the Church or from great landowners, down to the time of Lord Chatham. The ancient tradition of the governance of England by the landed interest carried on until the great Reform Bill of 1832; and the rulers of the country, whether under Stuarts or Hanoverians, were all drawn from a class which had imbibed that tradition with their mother's milk. It made little difference, in essentials, whether they were Whigs or Tories; these common traditions were the common heritage and the background of the policies that they pursued. Speaking generally, until after the Reform Bill, all British statesmen were landowners first and then politicians. It was not until the advent of men like the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli that it was thought fitting for those who aspired to office under the Crown to adopt any preparatory training, except perhaps a modicum of university scholarship. It is probably for this reason that neither writers nor students of political biography in those early days concerned themselves very much, if at all, with the characters or personalities of those whose lives they were studying, and who were thrust into the vortex of public affairs before they had had time or direction to develop their physical or intellectual stature. The result has been that, for good or for evil, we know far less about the private and spiritual motives that guided our Prime Ministers of the past than we do, thanks to Mr Thackeray and Mr Trollope, about Colonel Newcome or Henry Esmond, or the notabilities of Barsestshire. Later biographies, notably those of Mr Gladstone and of Mr Chamberlain, have done something to remedy this defect, to point out the underlying faith that inspired the policies of these great public figures, and to indicate the golden thread of moral continuity from which depended their principal achievements for the public weal as they saw it in their day and generation.

For the satisfaction of his readers, there is a world of advantage to the biographer who has succeeded in discovering and presenting something of the soul of his subject, no matter how brilliant the raiment in which he

may have clothed that individual's public life. A visit to Madame Tussaud's is no proper substitute for a recorded interview of importance with the flesh and blood original of the counterfeit. If modern biographers would subscribe to this doctrine more freely than they are inclined to do, they would produce better work in the greater perfection of the picture that they are painting. But we fear that the tendency of the present day is in an opposite direction. A school of writers is appearing amongst us, not very far removed from the paragraphists of the daily press, who look upon the outstanding figures of the moment as fair raw material for their ready pens. They publish books, large or small, dealing with their hero's career so far as it has gone 'up to the time of writing,' adding little or nothing of original thought to the matter in hand, or to the cold collation of Hansard and leading articles and press notices which they now re-present to the public in compendious form. To the present writer such books seem to be infelicitous tributes to a great man's career, in so far as they are but *dissecta membra*, fractional sketches from different angles of a figure whose full-length portrait will be demanded in the near or distant future. They are neither fair to the sitter nor to the public; if only for the reason that the time has not yet come to decide what effect upon public life may have been produced by any particular course of action dictated or pursued by the sitter at a given moment in his prospering career.

If our memory serves us well, Mr Winston Churchill, our present Prime Minister, is the first victim of such piecemeal biography, or fragmentary study, as that which we have endeavoured to describe. Fortunately, he has a robust constitution, and these attempts on or at his Life, the first of which occurred in 1905, have done nothing to impair it. We are, indeed, inclined to suggest that he has himself connived at such precocious delineations; for within the last forty years of superabundant energy and health his pen has furnished the public and his fellow-craftsmen with at least fifteen volumes of admirably written autobiography. The aspiring penman, whose talents do not happen to include original research, has but to browse where he will amid such fruitful pastures and he will find abundant material for a biographical

volume, mainly of quotations. But, in this small library of self-revelation provided by Mr Churchill, there is still one cupboard that he has kept resolutely locked. We surmise that it must contain a confession of the faith that has been in him from his youth up, inspiring him to the prosecution of policies in one direction, forbidding him to proceed in another; inviting him to create, to criticise, to change his gods if need be, yet to hold fast to certain principles at whatever cost. It is the ultimate duty of any author, whose ambition it is to enrich the library of political history with a perfect biography of Mr Churchill, to seek and to find those underlying principles and purposes that have informed and guided through life the subject of his story. For a biography is not only a book: it is perhaps the most enduring memorial of a great exponent of human endeavour; it may even be a far-shining beacon to light the way of future generations along a path of social or political progress blazed by the life-example of one man.

An astonishing number of brochures, handbooks, studies, and even so-called biographies of Mr Churchill's career are piled high upon the reviewer's table. Few of their authors deal as we could have wished with the soul philosophy of this statesman, whose varied attainments and enthusiasms have won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen in every part of the world. Neither the public interest nor the attention of students of history would be served by noticing more than one or two of these opuscula in any detail. We can believe, if we will, that each of them has its purpose, in that it hopes to find a place in the catalogue of records of the sayings and doings of a remarkable personality in the history of our country. Each in its degree has probably succeeded as a handbook, but not as a history, for those who are content with a far-away echo of the Prime Minister's own writings, or who have neither the money nor the time to spend on consulting them. Such volumes have been produced by Sir George Arthur, Mr Robert Sencourt, and Mr Hugh Martin, *inter alios*, and should be favourites in our public libraries.

A largely expanded but not more important study has recently appeared from the pen of Mr Lewis Broad, who describes his book as 'a full-length biography of the

Prime Minister,' with further sidelights on his undertaking. But we fear that, after allowing the fullest weight to so many self-recommendations, we have been unable to glean from him more than duplicate samples of the records already borrowed by the aforementioned writers from Mr Churchill's own publications, from sketches published by his parliamentary colleagues, or from the files of contemporary newspapers. For his industry in compilation Mr Broad is to be commended, rather than upon his tutorial style and his introduction to our notice (though not to our language, we hope) of such strange words as 'dynamism,' 'methodicalness,' 'justness,' and 'publicised.' We suggest that the artist whose ambition it is to present a 'full-length biography' to the public should eschew such exotic adornments to a language already rich enough to satisfy its masters, from John Milton to John Morley, and pay stricter attention to the problem which he suggests must be vexing his sitter: 'Am I by temperament and conviction able sincerely to identify myself with the main historical conceptions of Toryism?' There is no clear answer given to this self-imposed question, save this alone to condone his manifold twists and turns: 'I shall attempt no justification.' The same problem must have been present to the mind of Mr Broad himself, who, in a moment of self-revelation, tells us that five years ago he set out to paint Mr Churchill in the drab colours of the pillory, but that subsequently he has been led by the spirit of temperament and conviction to portray him in the brightest hues that admiration can supply. We respectfully submit that a short period of 'retreat,' devoted to an inquiry into Mr Churchill's conversions, might have provided valuable material for a relevant digression into the intricate impulses that have governed that statesman's convictions from time to time. And such a digression, if only in the direction of reasonable speculation, would be welcomed by the student who hopes that he has purchased a full-length biography and not merely a handbook. After all, there must exist somewhere within the mind of the author a conception of the moral mainspring that has urged the movements of his subject in one direction or in another. There must be an indication of some clue to the political goal to which he is striving and has striven during forty

years of headlong industry ; some seat of origin whence springs his passionate desire to reach conclusions and act upon them ; to account for his wide range of knowledge, which is not born of early education ; for his eloquent but by no means effortless oratory ; for his personal and penetrating style in writing irreproachable English, devoid of historical illustration or classical allusion. The student looks to the biographer to help him toward the solution of some of these fascinating puzzles in Mr Churchill's complicated make-up ; in effect, he pleads with his instructor : ' You have shown us by outward and visible signs what he has done ; can you not help us to discover what manner of man he is ? '

For an answer to this compelling question we now turn to Mr Philip Guedalla, who steps into the arena with a challenging portrait of the Prime Minister in action, drawn with something of the fluency and tone that characterises the earlier historical sketches with which we are familiar. If we think that now his step is not quite so gallant, his poise not quite so sure, his lunge and feint and parry not quite so masterly as in earlier days, our reserve amounts to no more than this : that we seem to detect signs that he does not appear to be in his usual training to grapple with so outstanding, so many-sided, and so elusive a subject as that which he has chosen ; and that, towards the end of the book, he is almost tiring and unable to cope with much that remains to be said. If this merely forecasts another volume on ' The Inner Life ' of Mr Churchill, well and good : for no man has a better intellect or a wiser pen to deal with the ' humanities,' if they may be so described, of our Prime Minister. But he will be well advised to mix on his literary palette, vivid as it always is, something of the sobriety that distinguished ' the chilly rectitude of John Morley and the unbending principle of Mr C. P. Scott.' For Biography is Life ; Life is Character ; and Character is Principle in Action.

Mr Guedalla is well within his rights if he be inclined to reply to this gentle criticism that he did not set out to discover The Life Philosophy of the Prime Minister, nor to do more than write a consecutive narrative of the career of a statesman ' up to date.' That may well be so ; but, none the less, the second volume (or it may be the third) will have to be written some day, and we invite Mr

Guedalla's attention to one of the subjects which should not then be overlooked. Until that appears, it suffices to say that 'so far as it goes' the present instalment is very nearly worthy of its distinguished author. In spite of obvious temptations to wander afield, he sticks close to his book, or rather to the fifteen books of autobiography with which his hero has furnished him to refresh his memory and inform his mind. Suave and accurate as ever, he writes an attractive story of a remarkable adventure, as full of political incident and thrills as the most languid palate could desire. From the very outset of his career this young phenomenon grips our interest, whether he is learning war through journalism in Cuba, fighting on the North-West Frontier, or charging at Omdurman. He may be writing a treatise on military warfare, or a biography of Lord Randolph, or a brilliant study of 'The River War'; he may be soldiering in South Africa or lecturing on his exciting experiences to crowded audiences in Britain or in the United States; he may be standing as a candidate for Parliament, first on one side and then on the other, arousing now the animosity and now the admiration of each political party: it matters little, for at every step in his dramatic life he is followed by the reader with absorbed attention. With perfect truth he boasts: 'Everything I have got I worked for. I have never intrigued, and have been more hated than anybody.' Egocentric people have to bear this.

Mr Winston Churchill is a Man of War. So is his old rival and lifelong friend, Mr Lloyd George. In their different spheres of action, their most resounding successes have been on the field of battle. The victories of peace are not among their most splendid triumphs. Yet no one will deny, in the case of Mr Churchill, that when the battle was over he was ever forward in the cause of peace. He might draw the sword in Cabinet or in the House of Commons, against the Boers or the Mahdi or the Protectionists; but, after the joy of clash and conflict was past, he forgave as generously as he forgot. This is a deep-rooted characteristic of the Prime Minister which cannot be neglected in any final presentation of his personality or of his career; yet it seems to have escaped the attention of many who have tried to paint him

faithfully. His emotions have always been spontaneous, strong, and operative. This can never be forgotten by those who watched the young man dumbly suffering on the staircase outside his dying father's bedroom. He had not known him very well, as a son might know his father; but he loved him deeply, and had no higher ambition than to follow in his footsteps, a course which he pursued for many years. So, too, his affection for his mother swayed his whole being during her lifetime; he seemed to live with the single thought of how he could arrange his rather precarious finances so as to make life more comfortable for her. After his parents had passed away, the emotional side grew fainter or more under control; explosions of glee and spasms of dejection became less frequent; the rising politician realised the weakness of wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and henceforward shared his joys and sorrows with very few. But we urge his future biographers to realise that those human emotions, though quiescent, were ever beside him, and should still be reckoned, together with industry, drive, opportunity, and luck, when assessing the many factors in his successful journey through life. Friend or foe, defeat or victory, counted for little more than episodes in an absorbing game that he was determined to win. It is by no means the least of the merits of Mr Guedalla's 'portrait' that it preserves for us the atmosphere of turbulent equanimity in which Mr Churchill has chosen to have his being.

But the author of a true biography must delve deeper than that if he is to satisfy the inquiring student, the intelligent reader or, indeed, the author himself. In a word, he must clothe the naked skeleton of parliamentary successes, of international laurels won in peace or war, of dignified additions to the Statute Book with flesh and blood, with the colour and the vitality of a vibrant and attractive personality. And he must inspire his creation with the life of a human being like himself, with affections and enmities, ambitions and disappointments, tastes and amusements, and personal weaknesses. It is these discreet flashes of familiarity which invest the picture with personality; without them, the work in question may be admirable historical architecture, but it is not true biography, for it lacks life. In the case of our Prime Minister,

it is strange indeed that so far none of his competing biographers or sketchers or 'snap-shotters' have attempted to portray this remarkable character beyond the walls of Westminster. That may suffice for the generations that have known him more or less intimately during the last half century; but for those that come after much more will be required. For so great a figure, who has already been an outstanding personality in the public life of the Empire for forty years, a large canvas is necessary, to include public positions and responsibilities, social interests and proclivities, more numerous and varied than those of any of his predecessors in the office which he now holds. It may well be that, before his literary labours are concluded, Mr Churchill will furnish the world with a final autobiography of disarming frankness, a feature which distinguishes all his writings; but we may hope that that great expectation will not deter some artist in the world of letters from showing his contemporaries and successors the man as he has appeared to others, in order that they may compare this valuation with the self-portrait drawn by the master pen.

And let it be remembered that we live in an age when well-written lives of the great are avidly sought after and widely read. It is true that there are not many of them, and that we are far behind the French in the publication of those 'Memoires' which contributed so handsomely to the literary pleasures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But, in their place, there has grown up in England a small school of rare writers, who from time to time publish admirable personal studies of notable personalities now long since dead, and 'historical novels' which may be said to belong to the apocrypha of history, but are, none the less, elegantly written and eagerly awaited by large sections of the community whose appetite for personal rather than impartial history it is becoming increasingly difficult to satisfy. But these may well ask our brilliant writers of to-day, who have given new life to Augustus and Julius Cæsar and have restored intelligent interest in the Stuarts and the Restoration, to enhance the gaiety of nations by o'erleaping the intervening centuries and by giving them full-length biographies of our more familiar figures, set forth with the industry of Boswell and the gentle indiscretion of Mr

Pepys. What a stir it would create in the Kingdom of the Shades if it were rumoured that Mr Lytton Strachey's great example of 'Elizabeth and Essex' was to be followed; and that Arthur Bryant, Aldous Huxley, and Housman and Zweig, with Miss Marjorie Bowen, Margaret Irwin, and Miss Broster, had all been commissioned to write attractive lives of popular national heroes from the Duke of Wellington onwards, and so to provide friendly avenues and porticoes and entrance halls to lure willing students into the formidable and gloomy mausoleum within whose walls History has for so long been immured. Grim recollections of the approach to that incarcerated prisoner fifty years ago, and of the lifeless essays and addresses of its guardians, may easily account for the lack of enthusiasm with which History was sought in those days by all but the very elect. But things are in better train to-day, thanks largely to the wiser understanding and the sympathetic writings of the authors we have named. One and all they have thrown off the pedantic cloak that concealed History beneath a mass of dates and battles and treaties; they have not forgotten or discarded them, but have assigned to them their legitimate places in the lives of those most intimately concerned with them; they have attached these activities to the living personalities responsible for them yet not inseparable from our common clay. We should have liked to suggest that the books whose titles are inscribed at the head of this paper might be added to those that have assisted the study of History in the way that we have described; but if they do not yet attain so high there is no reason to believe that each and all of their authors might not, after due inquiry into the humanities of their subjects, delight an expectant public with modern books as beautifully executed as 'The Gay Galliard' or 'Grey Eminence.' Whether it is advisable to undertake such a task during the lifetime of any man or woman, however famous, we do not presume to decide. But it is well within the bounds of possibility, as we have already said, that our present Prime Minister will, in his own good time, furnish us with an autobiography so striking and so complete that it will appear futile, if not audacious, for any other writer to compete with it. Such a contribution to the intimate literature of our lives and times

could not fail to be valuable; it would certainly provide a classic example for writers of biography to follow.

Post-war building; the sociology of the future; modern ways for modern wants. That is the cry which rings from every conference platform, and finds its echo in the columns of our morning newspaper. Whither will it lead us, who can tell? But it will be a happiness to many if it leads to the foundation of a Chair of Modern Biography at one or more of our great universities, stimulating the natural desire of normal manhood to know not only the processes that have gone to create our Empire but also to have personal knowledge of the lives of the men and women who, within our own time, have helped to make it great.

IAN MALCOLM.

Art. 2.—THE JERRY-BUILT EMPIRE.

THE amazing house-painter from Vienna who has made himself master of most of Europe can never be *spurlos versunken*. However completely he personally may be eliminated or however ignominious may be his exit from the stage on which he has gained his many triumphs, he will leave behind him numerous traces of his violent career. The evil that he has done will live after him, and a few memorials will outlast him that are not altogether evil. At this moment, when he has probably reached the climax of his fame, it may be profitable to consider, not the Europe to be built in the years to come—though that also may be profitably planned—but the actual Europe which the Allied armies will find when at long last their victorious battalions stride across its liberated countries on their way to Berlin.

Hitler has re-drawn frontiers ; he has shifted populations in bulk ; he has suppressed and re-erected industries ; he has centralised the economic life of the Continent in Berlin, and the same may be said of its banks ; he thinks in terms of a continent re-made for the greater prosperity of Germany ; he is building new defences for it west and east ; he has given it international trunk roads. While exploiting the energies of every people for German benefit, he discriminates against races which might conceivably challenge his supremacy—it is almost literally true to say that he is decimating the Poles, and intends to leave them, and also the French, permanently enfeebled ; others, like the Czechs, he regards as labourers for German masters, fulfilling their destiny by increasing the productive capacity of a super-industrialised Reich. To the moral welfare of his new Europe he gives no thought. He wishes his subject peoples to have no independent outlook, but to accept Nazi domination mentally and politically, in return for which he promises them a moderate but secure prosperity.

Frontiers. To the master-State of Greater Germany, which of course includes Austria, he has annexed outright certain territories in the west, south, east and north-east. In the west Eupen and Malmédy have been retaken from Belgium and embodied in the Reich. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and the French provinces of Lorraine

and Alsace have also been incorporated. The whole of Bohemia and Moravia have been annexed. Hitler has taken Teschen, all Polish Silesia, and Northern Poland—including the former Corridor—into Greater Germany. Memel had already been annexed during the preliminary swoops of the pre-war period. The Hitlerian Empire thus extends unbrokenly from Strasbourg to the Baltic States and from Brandenburg to the borders of Yugoslavia, of which the extreme north-western portion has also been annexed. No customs barrier exists within the whole of this area. Outside this solid block, which Hitler now regards as German territory and which he is relentlessly Germanising, is a ring of dependent States and hardly less dependent allies, with only two countries, Sweden and Switzerland, preserving a precarious independence, apart from the Iberian Peninsula. The condition of the conquered part of Russia and of the Baltic States is not clearly defined. They have been formed into an Eastern Gau and placed under the rule of the egregious and incompetent Rosenberg. These regions are, however, at present a theatre of war, and must obviously, in practice, be under military administration.

Of the occupied States, France, which in Cæsar's day was divided into three parts, is now divided into four. Alsace-Lorraine, as already mentioned, is embodied in the Reich. The Channel region is entirely cut off—as far as the French population is concerned—from the rest of the country, being a strictly guarded zone of defence. The 'occupied' zone extends from Lille and Dijon to Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier; the 'unoccupied' zone is the rough quadrilateral between Nice and Mont Blanc to Pau and the neighbourhood of Tours. The frontier between the occupied region and Belgium is now purely formal. In pursuance of the policy of debilitating France and eliminating Belgium altogether as a state the Walloon areas of both are merged administratively and militarily. General von Falkenhausen is the ruler of Flanders, both French and Belgian; and the towns with French names between Loos and the frontier are being re-labelled. To complete the account of the splintering of France it must be recorded that the French Empire in Africa and the East is falling away from metropolitan control, that de Gaulle and Pétain divide the allegiance

of Frenchmen between them, and that approximately a million and a half French soldiers between the ages of about 20 and 40 are held prisoner in Germany and systematically underfed. 'We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation,' said Hitler to Hermann Rauschning, in the days when they were confidants; 'I shall simply take systematic measures to dam their natural fertility. For example, I shall keep their men and women separate for years.' A France already weak and then deliberately enfeebled is one of the elements of the new Europe which we shall have to take into account.

The same process of disruption and enfeeblement—and also in this case of wholesale spoliation and murder—is being applied by Hitler to the Poles. Poland may be said to be divided into six parts: the western and north-western region, annexed to the Reich; the eastern and north-eastern region, annexed to Russia and now occupied by the German armies; the central 'Government-General,' better called Reststaat, first declared to be independent but now in name and in fact under the domination of Germany; a small region in the south handed over to the puppet state of Slovakia; a large Jewish reservation in the south-east of the Reststaat; and a smaller Ukrainian enclave, formed from the western end of the Ukraine. The population of Poland has been harried about more mercilessly than any other subjugated people. Silesia is being emptied of Poles, so as to make the Germanisation of industrial Poland complete. Eastern Poland is destined to supply a reserve of forced labour for the Reich; the Jews, both in their Warsaw ghetto and in the barren reserved district in the south-east, are being famished and allowed to die.

A third enemy country which is being systematically destroyed, as far as Hitler can destroy it, is the kingdom of Yugoslavia. If France and Poland have been disrupted into four and six parts, Yugoslavia has been split into twelve. The central region is allowed to exist as a nominally independent State of Croatia, the political head of which is the assassin and quisling Pavelitch, he in his turn owing allegiance to a puppet Italian sovereign who has not yet visited his kingdom. In the north-west, Slovenia has been annexed by Germany, with the territory immediately south-west and east of it allotted respectively

to Italy and Hungary. Italy takes two other districts, on the Dalmatian coast, and Hungary also recovers the Banat territory which she lost after the last war. A much-reduced Serbia retains a quisling independence under General Neditch, resigning most of Macedonia to Bulgaria. Western Macedonia has been attached to Italian-ruled Albania; Montenegro is a separate Italian protectorate; a small part of Macedonia and a long strip of Illyria-Dalmatia are occupied by Italy, without apparently any ultimate designation of their lot having been decreed. In this connection it is interesting to note that Salonika has been occupied by Germany herself—an isolated outpost of Germanism on the Aegean.

Movement of Populations. It is impossible, in the absence of precise data, to give details of Hitler's movements of populations, which have been numerous and have been effected with the cold calculation of a chess-player. While Poles have been thrust out of Silesia and the Corridor, Czechs have been retained in their homeland, which is being transformed into an essential part of the German war industry. The places of evacuated Poles have been taken by Germans brought in from the Baltic, and probably also from Western Germany, where family life has suffered greatly from our bombing. Dutch agricultural experts have been transported across Germany into the Ostland, there to act as stewards and administrators in the villages and former collective farms. In the regions of Yugoslavia which have been taken over by her enemies and rivals, Serbs are being eliminated by expulsion or downright massacre, in which Bulgarians and Hungarians played their full part at the outset; but they seem on second thoughts to be inclined to behave better, and the Bulgarians are tardily beginning to recall the claims of Slav solidarity. Towards the Greeks they have shown no compunction; and these brave allies of ours must be numbered among the races which the end of the war will find seriously wasted. Few Greek families will remain in the areas occupied by the Bulgarians, and famine is playing havoc with the inhabitants of Old Greece and the Islands.

All the time large numbers of foreigners are being drawn into Germany to man her industries, her agriculture, and to a lesser degree her armies—though

already Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, Slovaks, Finns, Spaniards, French, Dutch, Flemings, Norwegians, and Danes have taken part in the Russian campaign. Most of these races, and others too, supply the Reich with labour to the number of some 2,000,000 men. The hands of prisoners of war are also exploited to the utmost: it is calculated that over 1,600,000 are employed on productive work in and for Germany.

In every foreign country in which German minorities exist—and the German race is scattered over all central and eastern Europe—they are formed into an organised and privileged oligarchy, and in present conditions exercise local authority out of all proportion to their numbers. Moreover, they attract to themselves from the native population Germanic devotees, who are rewarded with posts of official importance or profit. In several of these countries, for instance Holland, only the local equivalent of the National Socialist Party—known at The Hague as the N.S.B.—has the right of legal existence.

Every resource of the law and the school book is exploited to coerce adults and children into Nazism. The laws and methods of education which have brutally succeeded inside Germany are being extended over Europe. Three special penal codes introduced into Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland exhibit the parody of law that Hitler favours. In striking contrast to the Code carried all over Europe by Napoleon, which made the law more accessible and more equitable to the less favoured classes, Hitler's law has discrimination for its main purpose. Poles in the territory incorporated into the Reich are deprived of the rights of native inhabitants and debarred from the privileges accorded to foreigners; so the law becomes for them simply an instrument of spoliation and exploitation in the hands of the German authorities. They are condemned for the most trivial offences, or suspicion of offence, to long periods in the *Straflager* (punishment camp), where of course they are set to work for the benefit of their country's enemy. Judges and prosecutors have formal instructions to regard 'attempt at crime' or even mere suspicion as sufficient evidence on which to condemn Poles and Jews.

There is a French saying, 'Noircissez, noircissez, noircissez, il en restera toujours quelquechose'; and

Hitler's maxim in Europe may well be, 'Nazify, nazify, nazify, some of it will always stick.' And we should blind ourselves to facts if we did not recognise that in every country on the Continent there exists a minority—no doubt as a rule a very small minority—which favours association with Germany as the strongest Power and most capable organiser; and through these nuclei of Germanophiles, enlarged and heartened by German *de facto* domination, Hitler is consolidating his power over Europe and trying by all possible means to transform military into political and economic conquest.

The process is materially promoted by his large-scale construction of trunk roads, which cut across national boundaries and minister to the integration of Europe. These roads have been built in all directions, inside and outside Germany. Labour is cheap for Hitler, and he had in Todt an engineer of remarkable talent and large vision, whose sudden death in January was the fourth in quick succession of prominent German leaders. Motor-roads have been made or planned to link Paris with Lille, Paris with Calais, and Calais with Liège, whereby France will be connected with the vast central thoroughfare which is now being built from Ostend through Brussels, Cologne, Vienna, and Budapest on to Belgrade, Sofia, and Istanbul. Another main artery is to run from Bordeaux through Northern Italy to Belgrade and Bucharest. A year ago Todt was reported to be uniting Bucharest by highway to the Black Sea ports; and a big programme of harbour development and shipbuilding has been announced for the Black Sea littoral of Bulgaria and also for her newly-acquired outlets on the Aegean. German specialists have lately arrived in Lwow (Lemberg) and Riga to lay down *Autobahnen* in Occupied Poland and the Baltic States respectively; and military roads are being made in Norway to feed and support German fortifications against invasion from the west. The territory of the Reich itself is covered with a network of new strategic highways.

Economic Unification. It is in the economic sphere that Hitler's plans have made the biggest changes, which ensure the exploitation of occupied, satellite, and even 'allied' States for the benefit of the *Herrenvolk*. Dr Funk, the Reich Minister of Economics who succeeded

Dr Schacht, has frankly stated that the purpose of the New Order is 'To guarantee to the Greater German Reich a maximum of security and to the German people a maximum of consumption of goods in order to increase their welfare. European economics must be directed towards this end.' The policy of exploitation has never been more crudely stated. Europe is being organised as an economic unit serving Berlin and trading with the outside world only through Berlin.

The new frontiers which Hitler has given to the Reich, and which have been described on an earlier page, have been drawn with the obvious design of embracing all contiguous industrial regions. Luxembourg, Lorraine, Bohemia, and Silesia are made part of Germany—inhabited though they are by Belgians, Frenchmen, Czechs, and Poles. Slovakia, though it was united with Bohemia and Moravia for the twenty years of its independence, is left outside, being a timber-trading and agricultural community; whereas the highly industrialised town of Lodz is included, though its inclusion separates it from its natural Polish hinterland. It is notable that Hitler has, for the time being at any rate, rejected the idea of making Europe into a single free-trade area. He intends to maintain the mainly agricultural countries outside his Customs Union as hewers of wood and growers of grain for the Greater Reich. Only within the Reich, as Dr Funk has plainly announced, will the object be to increase the consumption of goods and the standard of welfare. Outside it a healthy but humble stock of peasant producers will live on the soil, their livelihood guaranteed to them at a modest level. They will provide Germany with her food in time of peace and with additional man-power in time of war. They can never constitute a danger to the Reich, because they will have no means of arming themselves independently.

Not all the industrial areas of Europe can conveniently be included in Hitler's Customs Union. Apart from Russia—his plans for which are not exactly known—there are the industrialised regions of Holland, Belgium, France, and Northern Italy, as well as numerous smaller districts in other countries. Hitler is dealing with them by various methods, which all have the same purpose—German monopoly. He de-industrialises, he adapts, or he

secures financial control. Industries in smaller countries which duplicate German undertakings he orders to be closed; those which can be useful to the war effort he turns to German account—particularly in Bohemia, where these two methods are discriminatingly applied. In the rather more independent States—the Low Countries, France, and probably Italy—he uses every kind of pressure to acquire the controlling influence. Since these countries are cut off from their oversea markets they depend mainly upon German goodwill for such raw materials as can be found for them; and when it is remembered that all these countries are short of food, and that rationing is also a matter for Hitler's arbitrary will, it will be seen that he has the means, which he does not scruple to use, to enforce his industrial policy as and how he likes. The hold which Hitler is able to fasten even upon an unoccupied country is well exemplified in Vichy France. Permanent industrial exhibitions have been opened by the Germans in Lyons, as well as in Paris; and French manufacturers are only awarded large contracts in Germany if they collaborate with these exclusive industrial agencies. Small and medium firms which had never been able to afford their own export organisation have new avenues of trade opened to them. The larger firms have the choice between on the one hand the maintenance or even increase of their business and on the other its catastrophic decline. If they have scruples about delivering goods which help the enemy of their country they can salve their consciences by reminding themselves that their workmen would otherwise be unemployed; and their German masters would help to drive home the promptings of the devil by ensuring that the 'unnecessarily' unemployed men were deprived of their ration cards. The process of industrial monopoly and domination is not a difficult one for a master of Europe who is ready at all times to say 'work for me or starve.' In addition to manipulating rations he can manipulate currencies, a method which Dr Schacht brought to a fine art, and which has been well studied by his successors. And the leading Berlin banks now have branches established in dominant positions in most of the important cities of the Continent.

In all his planning Hitler thinks of human beings as mere units of industrial machinery, just as politically

they are pawns in his great gamble to obtain the mastery of the world for Germany. Hitler himself wrote in 'Mein Kampf': 'Germany will be a world-Power or she will be nothing'; and most economists believe that the complete triumph of Hitler in Europe would be but the prelude to world conquest. Certain vital commodities are not found west of the Urals; Europe must trade with the tropical countries, with the East Indies, with the Americas. So long as essential raw materials could be cut off from him by the agency of others Hitler will not be satisfied. True partnership is wholly alien to him; his desire to dominate amounts to mania. No compromise arrangement is possible with such a man. Dr Schacht once said to the writer: 'We do not want to take over your Empire, we only want to be partners in it.' The words may possibly have been genuine on the lips of Schacht; they certainly would not be on Hitler's.

Conclusion. When we at length re-discover Europe for ourselves, we shall find that the jerry-built empire has effected many material changes wherever its sway extends and that the poison of Hitlerism has reduced its peoples to a desperate and abnormal condition. They will be mentally warped, physically weak, and ravenous, in part dehumanised. For all this time the ghastly process of nazification is going on. The gospel of force, so successful for the past two years, is being preached everywhere and is making its converts. The best, the most independent, the most patriotic minds have been the first to be eliminated; it is the heyday of Quisling, of Antonescu, of Mussert. To Hitler's foreign collaborators must be added the few of a more honourable type whose outlook is naturally fascist, and the many thousands—if not millions—of modest folk whom caution and self-interest impel to accept a regime which in their hearts they detest. The fact must be acknowledged that Hitler has got his Europe into some sort of working order; and the pressure to cooperate will be increased before we are in a position to remove it.

But the Allied Governments in London testify that their countrymen will never finally accept the leadership of Hitler. Whether or not some of his handiwork might be worthy to be preserved, whatever of it can be destroyed will almost certainly be destroyed by outraged national feel-

ing in the hour of Allied victory. Hitler's New Order will never be acknowledged, because the consent of the governed will not be given to the conditions of serfdom to which he would degrade them. The robot idea was conceived by a Central European playwright only to be condemned. Bullied, coerced, and tormented, the subjugated peoples are in the vast majority still faithful to the principles of individualism and liberty, and claim the enjoyment of elementary human rights. They may suffer long, as they have suffered in previous centuries; but in the end they will rise again for freedom to think as they please, to speak what they think, to meet together unmolested, to worship in their own way. None of these liberties is tolerated by Hitler. His own people have the strange characteristic of allowing their convictions to be made for them; but fortunately for the world other Europeans are differently minded. The Latins especially like to think for themselves, and the Slav outlook is in most respects opposed to the Teutonic. The Nazis have been able to impress their own people with a congenial and pernicious doctrine, but they have not the grace necessary to convert others. As the wise German author of 'Central Europe,' Friedrich Naumann, wrote in the early years of this century:

'No one amongst us or amongst our neighbours doubts that the Germans can accomplish the economic organisation involved, if it is at all humanly possible. But it is a somewhat different question whether or no we have, in addition to organisation and technique, that indispensable quality for world-union [he too was thinking ultimately in terms of world domination] which we have previously termed elasticity, that flexible skill which we find in three different forms amongst Russians, English, and Americans. We are somewhat hard, masterful, taciturn, have but little patience for our slower fellow-creatures, and demand that things shall be done precisely as we wish. All this has its good side, but in order to be a leading, directing economic nation some sort of international oil is needed, the art, the great art of managing men, sympathy with others, the power to enter into their nature and aims.'

William II's Germany had not much sympathy with others or ability to enter into their nature and aims; Hitler's Germany has none. The Nazis' outlook and

methods have arrayed European sentiment against them ; mankind will not bow down to their harshness and their arrogance. We British have many allies in this war ; but the greatest of them all is human nature.

We in this country believe that human life is worth nothing without those spiritual values which Hitler would destroy. Nazism is a doctrine of animalism which we believe to be debasing ; and our allies in arms share that belief. We have become a part of Christian civilisation which is the antithesis of Nazism and is irreconcilably opposed to it. Hitler flouts religious feelings and beliefs even though in moments of difficulty he loudly invokes the name of the Almighty. But the ministers of God's word are mocked and hampered and the runes of heathenism have been re-introduced into the schools and barracks of modern Germany. If Hitler worships anything or anybody he worships Frederick the Great and Wagner ; and his mind is imbued with the lore of the ancient Nordic tribes whose primitive qualities he so frequently extols. We may hearten ourselves with the reflection that the traditional ending of Germanic sagas is a *Götterdämmerung*, and we may even now discern signs that the tinsel gods of Nazism are slowly, perhaps, but inexorably being borne towards the eternal twilight of their pagan Valhalla.

A. L. KENNEDY.

Art. 3.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

My last article was written on November 17, the day before General Auchinleck launched his assault in Libya : this is written on February 16, the day after Mr Churchill ended the most defensive—and one of the least heartening—of his addresses on the wireless to the nation and the world by announcing briefly that Singapore had fallen. Between these dates therefore the events of the war have been of a kind to defy anticipation by any commentator, however close he might be to the secrets of the mighty, of such a kind as to render any prophecy by anybody hazardous to the point of folly—save one, that in the end victory, complete and absolute, will rest upon the arms of the Allied nations.

In a postscript, written on December 8, after correcting the proofs of my last article, I was enabled to add one word upon the treacherous outrage of the attack on Pearl Harbour, news of which reached London only on that morning ; and in that first hour of knowledge I recall that I merely recorded my view that the only appropriate comment was *Quem deus vult perdere . . .* To any one looking back over the intervening weeks with, first of all, the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* and then (largely as a consequence) the unbroken tale of unsuccessful resistance all down the Malaya Peninsula, into and over Singapore, it may perhaps well seem to any reader that that view at least has by now been proved erroneous. At the moment, yes : in mid-February the appropriateness, admittedly, is not evident. The Japanese have undoubtedly upset the calculations of more than outside commentators ; they have shown not only a power much greater than was imagined but also a very remarkable degree of skill in staff work enabling them to employ that power without failure or cessation. And yet—even without any knowledge of the extent of their further successes and conquests between the hour of writing and the date of the appearance of this article in print, at the beginning of April—I am impenitent : I am still convinced that my first brief comment was appropriate and that the end of this mighty, devastating and spreading attack will be the destruction

of Japan as a great Empire—and Colonel Knox has emphasised the same opinion.

Just a generation ago, in 1906 or thereabouts, *The Times* printed a long article entitled 'The Soul of a Nation.' It was the first description, for the general reader at all events, of the new Japan. It told of the transition from medievalism to modernity, that electric change that had in a few years transformed the island Empire of the Pacific; it told of the chivalry of the Japanese, of *bushido* in all its forms, of the self-sacrifice and patriotism of the wonderful new nation that had arisen from the old. The article aroused much attention and great admiration for the spirit of the people of whom it told. As we gaze back now over the years that have intervened, it can clearly be seen that it would have been better for mankind, and much better for the future of Japan, had that island remained wrapped in the beautiful, but ancient and outmoded, simplicity of the life so charmingly and lovingly described by Lafcadio Hearn.

I am reminded specially of that article by reading this evening (February 16) that Lieut.-General Tomoyuki Yamashita, C.-in-C. of the Japanese in Malaya, curtly declared to Lieut.-General Percival at the surrender of Singapore that, as regards prisoners and British women and children, reliance could be placed upon Japanese *bushido*. That ancient and honourable code has stains upon it that will not fade from the memory of man until centuries have passed.* However that may be, the reaction to Japan's methods of aggression was not only instantaneous but is enduring. The immediate comment was, 'The Axis has established a world-wide unity of free nations'—that was written in a leading English newspaper on December 10: on February 14 the special correspondent of *The Times*, telegraphing from New York, wrote:

'In one way the disappointments of the past few weeks have been of inestimable advantage . . . now there is only the one purpose: to put everything America has into the fight and to make no question of where her troops or her supplies are to be sent for the accomplishment of that purpose.'

* Confirmed (March 10) by Mr Eden's account in the House of Commons of the atrocities committed in Hong-Kong.

Let us, then, at the end of what Raymond Gram Swing has called 'this dire week' and having within us full knowledge that, as Mr Churchill has just reminded us, the weeks immediately to come will be heavy-laden with adversities and anxieties, fix our minds upon the certainties, whilst remitting no effort possible to bring them to us quickly.

In a recent description of a small boy's new experiences at football came the stout-hearted sentence 'the rougher the game the better he likes it': it is difficult to live up to that, but at all events this game, which has now become so excessively rough, and in its roughness world-embracing, has two features prominent in it which are, even to the most determined pessimist, not to our disadvantage. Pearl Harbour indeed 'called in'—and in a far greater sense than Canning's—'a new world to redress the balance of the old'; if the advance of the Japanese towards the conquest of the Pacific dates from December 7, so also does the English-speaking union. Strategically it might well have been very unsound, but politically it might greatly have advantaged Japan had she declared the British race alone her enemy and left the possessions of the United States unassailed; in such a case, whilst we should have had, continued and increased, the support and assistance of that tremendous democracy, we should not have had, as we now have, the frenzy of its all-out alliance—and let it be remembered that never yet in history before these last weeks has the world seen the American people fused together into one in anger and purpose—that fusion (and in this statement there is neither uncertainty nor reservation) is entirely irresistible. There has been but one danger, and from that it may be believed that Mr Churchill has effectually shielded the world, that the two great halves of this English-speaking union might begin to carp at one another and misunderstand each other's difficulties, capabilities, and achievements. His two great orations, first at Washington and then at Ottawa, put me in mind of an American's remark to me some years ago, to the effect that if President Woodrow Wilson, with his fine voice and splendid powers of exposition, had had before his lips in 1918 the invention of the microphone the United States would have taken its place in the League of Nations from the outset of that ambitious vision—and the history of the world would

have been different. Mr Churchill had the microphone, he spoke to millions as perhaps he alone of living men to-day can speak, and by so doing he rendered a service to the cause of freedom comparable only to that he rendered by his speech on June 22, 1941, the entry—through the same gateway of unheralded assault—of the Soviet Union into the war.

The second feature, of course, is the quite unprecedented counter-offensive of that Union: never before in the annals of warfare have military forces that have been pushed back and back ceaselessly for weeks and weeks on end retained sufficient moral, resiliency, and power to change over from resistance to attack—and in the depths of bitter winter too! Occasionally one hears the carper who says 'but if you look at the map you will see that after all the German armies have only gone back a little way.' A very superficial and very misleading remark. They have not gone, they have been forced, back, and with losses that, if not crippling, have at least been severe enough to compel the enemy to draw on his spring reserves; and what can be more destructive to the spirit of invincibility than to yield ground at heavy cost when that ground had been so expensive? However it is looked at, and whatever may come, this Russian counter-offensive in the snows and ice is one of the most remarkable military exploits of mankind. No wonder that in factories, in places of all kinds where people work, it is said that the one thing they want to hear is about the events in Russia—this was said to me even when we were seeming to sweep all before us in Libya, and its significance will continue to increase with every month that the war lasts.

We have not, it must be confessed, swept all before us in Libya: we certainly were not led at the start of this new offensive to expect the fearful see-sawing that has in fact taken place, and there have been times, and mid-February is certainly one of them, when Mr Churchill's comparison of this offensive to an ocean-engagement where decision one way or another might be looked for in a matter of hours has since proved one of his least felicitous—and yet the comparison, stripped of its factor of time, is clearly not inapt. If we had not the means of communication and the vigour to push General Rommel into

Tripoli and beyond it (and a very slight study of the map is quite sufficient to show what distances that would involve) then places in the sand are not of the consequence that is invariably attached in the popular mind to advances and retreats ; and there may well be more than verbal consolation in Mr Churchill's suggestion that, disappointing as the sequel to the early days of the offensive has been, it very likely paid us better to enforce upon the Axis the very expensive process of sending reinforcements continually to General Rommel than to wipe him out completely and with rapidity. So much may be said without untruth—and yet we cannot forget that the military authorities did promise us, or at any rate encourage us to think, that General Rommel would be wiped out completely and with rapidity. It is a sad thing how very often in this war our military authorities have been wrong, not necessarily in their conduct of operations, as to which no layman at present has the material upon which to form an opinion of value, but in their own account of their conduct. How many times have they not made statements which immediately succeeding events have shown to be inaccurate ? The latest to date is the announcement that we had the situation at Singapore ' well in hand ' : hardly was the ink dry on the pages of the papers that printed it before the position had become hopeless and surrender inevitable. Such announcements, possibly put out either to deceive the enemy or to encourage us, have the opposite effect : they unquestionably cannot deceive a well-informed enemy and they certainly tend to shake our confidence—not in victory, for that confidence remains absolutely unshaken everywhere, but in official communications. It would be better for all concerned to make no prognostications. It is already clear that the virulent criticism, indeed the absurdly undignified scurrility of Lord Addison's abuse, of Sir Robert Brooke-Popham was due not to his inability to provide sufficient aircraft in Malaya but to his neglect of the salutary rule of silence.

And as misfortunes, especially in war—and more especially still in ' total war ' (a favourite phrase of these unhappy times and as meaningless as most favourite phrases)—seldom come singly, and are obviously carefully coordinated by the well-regulated minds of the Axis

leaders so as each to enhance the effect of the other, at the very period when we were doing our best to stomach with as much calmness and resolution as possible the impending loss of Singapore, came what the lesser newspapers called 'the Channel fiasco.' It is a curious commentary upon English journalism, which in the main lacks the cruelty of the Continental or the crudity of the American, that occasionally like a pack of yelping dogs they suddenly rise up all together, as at a signal, and give tongue viciously about something which is either beyond their ken or at all events has not been fully revealed. To read some of these headlines and commentaries upon the skilful stealing through the dark and the mist from Brest to the Bight of Heligoland of the three German ships, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, and the *Prinz Eugen*, has been an experience, and not an agreeable one: what the relatives of the extraordinarily gallant young men of the sea and air must have felt it is easy to guess. And the comparisons with the Dutch in the Medway in Charles II's reign—ludicrous! I could not help wondering how many of those who so harshly flung their darts of ink at the Admiralty and the Air Ministry for letting those three ships escape had ever had any real experience of anything at all closely resembling the actual conditions. That the escape was a great disappointment may not be doubted, but Mr Churchill has declared the change of position of the three ships as having been 'decidedly beneficial to our war-situation' and to write of the escape as though it implied that we had lost command of the seas or that the enemy could now venture unmolested into the Channel was to show a lack of proportion of which, happily, Fleet Street is not often guilty.

Nor was Fleet Street alone—and it is certain from what has already been said (for example the violent polemics of Sir Roger Keyes) that long before this article appears in print, many indiscreet and more injudicious remarks will have been made both in Parliament and on public platforms: we have been even invited by some excited partisans to have an open debate, and presumably a Ministerial pronouncement, on the whole naval strategy of the war. If Hitler ever laughs—which is improbable—here is his occasion.

Nerves, no doubt: we are sore and disappointed, and

we are taking it out in criticism. Criticism may be of all kinds, and almost all kinds are among the inherent rights of democracy, but the unrestrained exercise of all such rights is not compatible with the successful prosecution of war. That is not to say that in war criticism must die—Mr Lloyd George lives to disprove that—but, as in war we have all of us cheerfully surrendered many rights, so must we learn temperance in this. And that, I take it, was the real reasoning of Mr Churchill's broadcast on the fall of Singapore.

That the soreness and disappointment have gone deep no one doubts, and it would seem at the moment of mid-February (for it shifts) to be centred round two very different, indeed entirely diverse, matters. The first is the old one, burst anew into flame, the relations of the three elements, land, water, and air, or rather the Services that operate therein. Of old there was no doubt rivalry, continuous and healthy, between the Army and the Navy, but it was healthy, and the two were seldom so blended together as to cause any undue consideration of claims: but it is not now as of old. In fact seldom has there been a more general rendering of mankind's dictum as to the harmony of two and the disharmony of three. The air which covers both land and sea has obviously added immense complications: in the early days of its conquest these were avoided by the simple expedient of Solomon—but the infant, for all its bisection, lived and became too lusty to be held apart. The Royal Air Force was born and, from the moment of its birth, had to struggle to prevent a return to duality, which, in those early days, would certainly have proved fatal to its progress independently in its own element. Then, after years of ceaseless endeavour, the Navy got its Fleet Air Arm—rightly, as I think all, even the keenest of air folks, now feel: the Royal Air Force had become too well secured of life for the existence of the Fleet Air Arm to threaten it. And now the Army is pleading, more gently than the Navy did, for its own Air Arm. No doubt it will, eventually (and, as is the British way, perhaps not until after the war) secure it. Well and good, but—alas, there is always a but in this internecine controversy—the Navy, *pace* Sir Roger Keyes, wants control of all aircraft over the seas, and so the strife goes on.

I have a solution, which may perhaps be impracticable in the midst of a vast war (and yet it was in the last war that the Royal Air Force was born) and that is in reality a simple one. It is that the day has gone by, the elements are now too commingled, the warfare of 1942 is too universal, for three separate Services, with appendages like Arms and so forth to cover over differences. There should be one Service, The King's Service, and all soldiers, sailors, and airmen should serve in it, each in the capacity for which he is best fitted. Every high commander of the future will need to make use of what are now three separate Services. General Wavell is doing it to-day: the successes in Libya were due to the happiness of brotherly cooperation. The King's Service—it will come, it must come, in time: let us at least hope that it does come, in spirit at all events, in time, that is before these needlessly embittering rivalries impair the splendour of the sacrifices and the skill of the young men who are fighting bravely on land, on sea, and in the air. I have not here space in which to elaborate the solution, which has, of course, many and great difficulties, but none that are not readily soluble with good will—and good will is the one thing that such a Service should secure, the one thing that the present three Services are doggedly keeping at bay.

The second matter is a curious one, unlike any that I can call to mind in preceding Parliamentary history. Simply stated, it is that every one desires Mr Winston Churchill to remain our Prime Minister and no one desires Mr Winston Churchill's present set of colleagues to remain unchanged. He has tried one or two minor shufflings, but that has been merely as a sop thrown to the wolves. The House of Commons gave him a vote of confidence, 464 votes to 1—overwhelming enough in all conscience; but be it noted, and there was really no doubt about it at all, the House gave it to Mr Churchill, not to Mr Churchill's present Government. A very odd state of affairs, in fact, for any strict Parliamentarian, a very uncomfortable state of affairs, and for a logician intolerable. And yet it was real, even before the fall of Singapore and the passage of the three German warships—and now it is beyond dispute. It is a certainty on which we need take no credit as a prophet (prophets, I imagine, never

speculate about certainties, being otherwise engaged and often less profitably) that changes of a considerably more drastic sort than any since Mr Neville Chamberlain's resignation will have been insisted upon before this article appears in April. Here again is an odd state of affairs; all are agreed that no man, not even a Colossus such as Mr Churchill has proved himself to be, can successfully be both Prime Minister and also Minister for Defence. Mr Churchill must remain Prime Minister, *ergo*, there must be some one else as Minister for Defence. Ah, but who? On that I have as yet heard no two people agree beyond the joint—and negative—conclusion that whoever else it is not, it cannot usefully be Lord Beaverbrook.

And so we come to 'the Beaver'—and when a man has won to an almost universal nickname in English public life, he is pretty sure of his place in history. His has been, even by the unusual standards prevailing at the present time, a singular career and now governed by a paradox: if he had not been a successful newspaper proprietor, it is exceedingly unlikely that he would ever have blossomed out, either in the last war or in this, into a Minister of the Crown, and now that he has so blossomed, and very surprisingly, his proprietorship of newspapers is an undeniable and severe handicap to any assessment of his real achievements. It is not to be supposed that he any longer has time or mind for the exercise of any control over his editors, but it is equally not to be supposed that those same editors would give him all the uncritical publicity that they do if that were displeasing to him. He is now, in mid-February, our Minister for Production, though it is still very far from clear what that means or how his peculiar talents for 'pep,' 'zip' and all the rest of the modern jargon are to be most fittingly employed upon that blessed task of coordination, first dignified into the title of a Minister by Mr Baldwin for Sir Thomas Inskip. It may be that Lord Beaverbrook's new office, about which there is nothing notably permanent, may have undergone by the beginning of April some change: it is at least certain that with the fierceness of the critical storm raging as I write something more than a reshuffling is at hand: Mr Bevin has yet to be considered, and there are numbers, and not all by any means of the left wing,

who are dissatisfied at the omission of Sir Stafford Cripps.

Political thought—like everything else—is in a state of flux, and the outcome is obscure.

'If it be asked,' wrote *The Times* in a leading article towards the close of last year, 'how this Japanese superiority so near Singapore has come about, the answer must be that the plans for the defence of Singapore by ground forces were largely based upon the assumption of superiority at sea and at least equality in the air, neither of which at present exists.'

If it be asked, indeed! This has been a time of asking, of restless, dissatisfied inquiry, and as industry obviously to-day underlies the whole of our war effort, inquiry is not confined to Westminster: and changes are going on which will hereafter lead to wise reconstruction. Among the most important of these is the change, little conspicuous as yet but increasingly powerful, in the relations between boards of directors, the management, and the workers: there is a centrifugal force in a great modern war driving the three together which is destined to be one of the really important influences in our future industrial structure. At the moment it is perhaps not altogether an easy stage, with management uncertain of itself in its relations to direction and still in many respects aloof from labour: but transition stages never are easy and we shall not see clearly the influences at work, and their result, until we come to the testing time that will inevitably succeed the war. Management, it is certain, will come more and more into the hands of the workers, and the old direction, often hereditary and cumbrous, will gradually disappear.

In one respect, and a very important one, both the Government and industry have been strangely wanting either in courage or in enterprise, and perhaps in both—and that is the inclusion of women. The Government, recognising, no doubt, the unplumbed difficulties, well aware of the lack of success that by all accounts has attended female conscription in Germany, have made declarations upon the carrying out of which they have hardly insisted—many and many a young woman has been waiting, sometimes for months, for the call anticipated and not forthcoming. And industry as a whole has been

indefensibly slow to adapt itself to the inevitable new conditions: discussions are still going on as to the provision of day-nurseries and plans are only now 'under consideration' for some of the essential housing arrangements. Admittedly it is a tremendous problem; all the greater therefore was the need for tackling it with resolution and also understanding. With regard to the feminine branches of the three Services resolution has certainly been forthcoming in abundance, but the understanding has been most conspicuously absent. Women, when all is said and done, are wonderfully patriotic and wonderfully patient: and the national authorities have taken an altogether undue advantage of both these admirable qualities. There can be no doubt that women have in many an instance been asked to work, and are still being asked to work, in conditions quite needlessly exhausting: there are few with either relations or friends in the W.A.A.F., the W.R.N.S. or the A.T.S. who cannot substantiate that from their own personal knowledge. I can at all events testify to two cases in different Services and widely differing localities where a quite astonishing lack of comprehension has been responsible for unnecessary overstrain. And the recent idea of appointing what were satirically known as 'the four young men' (of whom one at least was 63 years old), the four Under-Secretaries whose respective Departments would naturally be the defendants, to conduct an inquiry emphasises openly this astonishing lack. No wonder there was an immediate and an effective outcry.

Probably, when the time comes for retrospection among all the immense changes of life and daily circumstance imposed upon us by this 'total war' none will stand out as more significant than the disappearance from all ordinary and peace-time avocations of the women. Men have had to go inevitably as soon as ever war widened from small contingents to nations under arms; in the last war many, many women—for the first time, except as nurses—were enrolled in the national effort, and very deep indeed in the succeeding years went the consequences. But to-day we are witnessing a silent, social revolution even as we have already for a year or more at least been participating in one that is economic. This war-employment of women, not just of the young and strong but of

the vast bulk of the still active women of the nation, is a tremendous fact; it is changing habits and ways of life now every day, and increasingly, and its repercussions in the future are infinite. I do not think that even yet most of us realise how very different the world after the war is of necessity going to be.

And still over this small island hangs the shadow of invasion. As to the probabilities of that almost every one holds a slightly varying opinion; as to the possibilities there is no dispute. We have all of us now lived under that shadow ever since the fall of France: in some months it has receded and lightened, in others it has grown ominously near and dark. I have discussed it both as a probability and as a possibility in previous articles, and there is little to add, except that (a) we now have compulsion in the Home Guard—which, in fact, will make surprisingly little difference to any efficient unit—and Lord Croft has said that we can supplement our arms by using pikes: when told there were none, his comment was, 'I did not know that'; and (b) it is difficult to see either how Hitler can win the war without destroying the heart of the great confederacy now leagued against him or how he can succeed in 1942 in an enterprise that he found too difficult in the early autumn of 1940 and did not dare attempt in 1941: whatever else is arguable it is beyond all discussion that we are to-day almost incredibly better prepared than in the darkest days after Dunkirk.

Perhaps because of this, perhaps because of an unsinkable resiliency, and perhaps because of an incurable optimism, these very dangerous and anxious weeks have seen nowhere the slightest weakening of our purpose and our conviction. We intend to destroy Nazism, both on the Continent of Europe and in the Far East: we know that, sooner or later, we shall succeed in our intention. Nothing has altered in the least degree either our intention or our knowledge—and it is Mr Churchill's unassailable appreciation of that absence of alteration and his masterly expositions of it which constitute the strongest links in the chain of his authority over us, and authority still so great, in spite of disappointments, set-backs, downright defeats, and mighty tribulations, that on the very evening of the announcement of the fall of Singapore a Canadian officer could turn to me and in a room crowded with

officers and civilians, men and women from England and from overseas all listening to the Prime Minister's broadcast, make the comment that he supposed he was the greatest Englishman that had ever been—a tall commendation and one as yet unproven, but at least of significance as an instantaneous testimony to the strength of the appeal for unity.

And so it comes about that, anxious inevitably as are all thoughtful folk in these heavy mid-February days, when the war which had begun to swing so markedly in the Allied favour has relapsed again into stark realities and sometimes seems to stretch illimitably away 'month after month, year after year' (to quote once more Mr Churchill and to quote him, as is our insouciant way, from a passage about bombing Germany that has been disappointingly unfulfilled these winter months), still, undismayed, we all of us turn in various ways to consideration of the future on the basis of certain victory. The Archbishop of Canterbury raises a debate on our post-war education and so many wish to take part (even though so many of the factors remain wholly unknown) that an extra day has to be set aside for them: an Under-Secretary makes a speech in which he seems to advocate that our policy towards our conquered enemy shall be not merely retribution but revenge; and immediately there is a pretty how-d'you-do, some shocked and some gratified—and not a single voice to say that, just possibly, the advocacy was a trifle premature. A third example is the inauguration of the Kinsmen Trust, the establishment of a fund to enable those who during these war years have been looking after our children either in the United States or one of the Dominions to send their children, or their nominees, here after the war—an attempt at a form of repayment of a boundless hospitality, which cannot be repaid now, or adequately ever. A fourth example, from the political field, is the quiet confidence, even whilst the Libyan see-saw was at its height, that never again hereafter shall the Senussi writhe under the barbarous yoke of Italy, that unhappy country for the time being impotently obedient to the master of Mussolini, the man who has been described as 'the supreme example of a journalist sinking so low as to become a politician.'

In short, the mind of the nation, in these and many

other ways, outranges the grimness of these weeks, when nothing—except in Russia—has gone at all as desired or planned, and looks beyond in steadfast and sober resolution to the new world that yet shall invincibly be. Mr Churchill calls to unity, and for all the disharmonies of the world there are indications of a unity greater even than the national unity here. It was the journalistic fashion, for the moment, to discount the results of Rio, but it is unreasonable to doubt that, even if the full measure of agreement and consequent action were not reached, still what was agreed was a very considerable rejection of the Axis wooing, and by no fewer than twenty-six nations. A similar pointer to the unity of the future, that larger unity that will not rest upon fear, is to be found in the Yugoslav-Greek pact, with its hope of something ultimately more like mutual cooperation in the Balkans than that hapless part of the world has yet known.

And so into the unknown. More even than ever is it almost impossible to foretell events in advance: before this article appears in April much will assuredly have happened, the great German offensive of the spring may be begun—somewhere, through Spain perhaps (the public anti-Allied causticisms of General Franco are, it may be, straws in the gathering wind); Malta, Gibraltar may yet be terribly assailed—or again against indomitable Russia or, possibly, against these islands. There is but one spirit in which to meet these slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and that is indicated in the words of Emerson: 'set me some great task, ye Gods, and I will show you my spirit.' 'Not so,' says the good heaven; 'plod and plow.' That is all that most of us can do, but we can do that unrestingly and unafraid—and that, I firmly believe, is the simple spirit of the Allied world of nations to-day.

I have ended more than one of these articles by a reference to cricket, that testimony to our race, a testimony so enduring that when a friend said to Edward Lyttelton towards the end of his long life, 'I suppose you don't take much interest in cricket nowadays,' he replied, 'No, not much, but I never go into church without seeing the spin of the ball up the aisle.' I will end this more seasonably by a reference to our other national pastime. Only a few weeks ago I was discussing the war as it had affected one of the greatest of our public

schools in the height of what we now briefly term 'the blitz,' and the master from whom I was seeking enlightenment explained to me quite naturally, 'we used to go to the shelters when the siren sounded, but it interfered so much with football we had to give it up.' *Floreat Etona*, was this Harrovian's unspoken reply.

GORELL.

March 10. Sumatra, Bali, Rabaul, Java—and now Rangoon, which last, only a matter of hours ago, it was authoritatively stated we should defend to the last (like Singapore!). It is the ineptness of these statements which, more even than the military defeats, have stung the British soul. What next—before the great tide turns, as turn it assuredly will?

At all events since February 16 we have played political 'general post.' It was, I think, a lady in one of Praed's verses who, 'whilst saying "no," consented': wisely, Mr Churchill has now fulfilled that rôle. He has made considerable changes, several quite irrelevant to the Pacific and based on the dubious principle of 'any change better than none.' Lord Beaverbrook retires, and other ministers, much shot at, remain. By its fruits shall the new team be judged: let us at least pray it will not let its hand be forced by the hordes of amateur strategists, as ignorant as clamorous.

Art. 4.—THE ADJUSTMENT OF HABIT: WITH RELATION TO HIBERNATION AND MIGRATION.

WHEN Omar Khayyám's theological researches ended in a deadlock, his experience only coincided with that of the naturalist who attempts to pursue some obscure wild life problem to a logical conclusion. His knowledge is at best limited, and, no matter how considerable his accumulation of data, he is still in the position of the spectator watching a play while remaining in complete ignorance of activities behind the scenes. In a word, while procedure is obvious, motive, together with the acquisition of habit, more often than not defy investigation.

Consider, for example, the ever interesting subject of migration, with the principle of which Anacreon and even Homer were familiar. Modern research has since established the range of almost every species, and even the approximate date of arrival or departure, yet the impulses governing the movement remain as theoretical as ever. Apart from this, the migratory idea was one which the old-time naturalist seemed slow to grasp, largely owing to his lack of detailed information. Even allowing, however, for the comparatively recent acquisition of the existing statistics, it is curious that grotesque ideas, such as the hibernation of birds should have survived until so comparatively recent a period as Gilbert White's day. The advantages of migration, and much of the actual process, are so obvious, the rule so clearly established, that it seems incredible that exception upon any considerable scale should ever have been seriously considered.

At the same time, old stories of 'hibernating' birds were not necessarily as foolish as they now appear on the surface. On the contrary, there is no reason to doubt that many incidents were genuine, at least with regard to the actual discovery of the birds. The error lay in the construction placed upon such occurrences. To find birds underground during severe weather is not unusual. Redwings frequently seek shelter in rabbit-burrows, where they may be found at a considerable depth, often in a condition closely resembling the torpid state of hibernating animals. Actually, of course, they are perishing from cold and starvation. Nor are redwings

the only birds which go to ground under similar circumstances. It is common knowledge that a large proportion of our resident thrushes disappear under similar conditions, and since few remains come to light, one may assume with tolerable certainty that they suffer a like fate. Again, various species of owls live underground to a greater extent than is realised, and when the old-fashioned sportsman-naturalist disturbed one of these birds with his ferrets, the assumption that he had interrupted its winter sleep was not altogether surprising. Indeed, long ago, even as to-day, misinterpretation of motive, rather than misstatement, was responsible for widespread error.

Even the most fantastic idea is seldom unaccountable when examined, as, for example, the cuckoo's supposed change of identity with the sparrowhawk—a notion not entirely dead in primitive Britain, incredible as it may seem. The sparrowhawk, the Hyde of the fable, is seldom identified as a distinct species by country people; it is merely a rapacious bird more or less resembling a cuckoo, and the ease with which one may be mistaken for the other is evident from the visits of the winter cuckoo, so often claimed by over-enthusiastic recorders. It must also be remembered that neither cuckoo nor sparrowhawk is a bird with which the ordinary rustic is familiar at close quarters. The one is mainly a voice, or at most a shape seen flitting from tree to tree or perched on a wall some distance away. The other is comparatively rarely on view, or appears merely as a grey streak of lightning flashing from the cover under which it has approached to effect a sensational capture. There is little chance in either case to study details of plumage or form, nor is it remarkable that the primitive countryman or amateur ornithologist of olden days saw little distinction between the hawk-like soloist of early summer and the grey perennial robber. It was not necessarily assumed by the more intelligent that the two species were identical, but the classification of migrant and resident was hazy, and the idea of the cuckoo—peaceable but suspect among other birds during summer—changing its habits with the season was no more incongruous than the grub and grain-eating rook turning egg-thief in spring, the change of identity being merely a queer twist evolved through the childish simplicity of the rustic mind. Indeed, much that is

taken seriously to-day was originally intended for nothing more than nursery consumption, such as the connubial relations between 'Cock Robin' and 'Jenny Wren,' so popular in juvenile stories. The instance is representative of old animal fiction, and nobody would have been more amazed—and in some cases dismayed—than the authors at the credence since attached to their picturesque romancings.

Returning to the subject of migration, it is also quite possible that a larger proportion of birds wintered in this island a century or two ago than is now the case, habit evolving in cycles among animals, even as in human life. It also varies considerably with locality. In Pembroke-shire, for example, the usually gregarious and branch-building heron makes a solitary nest upon the face of an ocean cliff. In many parts of the West Country the wild pheasant has abandoned the lofty nocturnal perch habitual to its race in favour of roosting-places upon the ground—usually among rushes—and on Dartmoor the nest of the carrion crow may be found in situations which would elsewhere be considered low for a missel-thrush. Migration, needless to say, is governed by more general influences than nesting or roosting habits, and reliable records are insufficient and too modern to afford any real indication whether the tendency is increasing or declining, if, indeed, there is any change. In the possible event of more birds wintering here formerly, there would have been more victims of abnormal cold, more remarkable 'discoveries.' Actually, there may have been a substratum of truth in stories of swallows hibernating in the mud of ponds. Conventionally, a swallow does not feed upon the ground. It is none the less quite capable of doing so, and assuming that a certain number remained along our southern seaboard during the winter months, if entrapped by sudden cold, they might conceivably be obliged to seek insect food among the roots of reed-beds and similar places, where they eventually suffer a fate similar to that of the redwings. Alternatively, it is quite conceivable that late broods of swallows might be caught by October or early November frost, and, seeking any available cover, there be found in a perishing condition. Briefly, nothing within the bounds of possibility is necessarily untrue.

Reed-beds and swampy hollows provide a source of supply to numerous creatures when iron winter seals their customary feeding-grounds. They constitute a favourite resort of the fox, who feeds upon reptiles and grubs more generally than is realised. More noteworthy, however, during frosty periods is the gravitation to the marshes of birds, such as partridges and red grouse, to whose economy dry conditions are usually regarded as indispensable. The case of the red grouse is particularly interesting, this bird being listed in old works of reference as a resident upon the moorlands, no mention being made of the general local migration which takes place, particularly on the Scottish moors, from the higher uplands with the first freeze-up. It seems inconceivable that the earlier sportsmen and naturalists, who certainly knew all about the grouse, should have been unaware of this habit, and circumstances rather suggest that the procedure may be a comparatively modern development, mainly effected by extensive draining of the moors, undertaken to benefit the grouse by providing dry feeding-grounds, but in reality depriving them of an essential supply, to procure which they are compelled to forsake the heather and seek a livelihood in low country, where they subsist largely upon rush-seeds and various grasses. When frost is prolonged the red grouse may not return to its customary habitat until March is well advanced and the curlew has sounded the 'all clear.' Then the salmon-fisher, plying his chilly craft on some swollen mountain stream, may notice the first contingents skimming the slopes on which the snows are melting, or perhaps a single bird, proceeding somewhat uncertainly, like a scout sent ahead to seek open ground, and doubtful about the success of his quest. Should the season prove exceptionally late, the birds may pair before returning, and for this reason a prolonged frost is welcomed by grouse-preservers, as it is frequently followed by a year of abundance, owing to the introduction of new blood.

It is worthy of remark that on High Dartmoor, where the bogs are never drained, no migratory movement occurs among the grouse, even though the scarcity of heather entirely deprives them of their staple food after a snowfall. Then they resort to the mires, and, indeed, during winter, the wetter the land the greater the proba-

bility of seeing red grouse, which on the open moors appear of necessity to have adopted the habits of the indigenous species, the black-game. Possibly their comparative scarcity enables them to find sufficient food without recourse to migration, and so far as northern Dartmoor is concerned, I have yet to see a red grouse below the 1,000-foot level at any time of year. Nor, it should be remarked, do they ever invade cultivated land, even at harvest time, which is curious, in view of the havoc wreaked upon corn-stocks in Scotland, where red grouse are considered far more destructive than black-game, a pack of perhaps a hundred and fifty birds taking a very considerable toll of a grain crop. There, indeed, it is a common poaching trick to set traps among the ears of sheaves upon which grouse are pitching, in the same manner as West Country poachers catch partridges on sand-banks. One Ayrshire farmer, finding a grouse so entrapped, put the bird out of its misery, then, leaving it as a bait, took cover under the next stook and caught his man red-handed. Being unwilling to prosecute, he escorted the delinquent to the parish minister for admonition, which was liberally given. The opportunity to turn the situation to financial account proved irresistible to a Scotsman, however, the canny cleric resolutely insisting upon expiation to the amount of 1*l.* subscribed to parochial funds as a tangible expression of penitence.

This partiality of red grouse for grain is another characteristic seldom mentioned by early writers, and one is inclined to wonder whether this, too, developed from the overstocking and draining of moorlands. Anyhow, as in the case of the partridge and the prairie chicken, it must be an acquired taste, since corn is an artificial product and not the natural food of any creature. Whether these birds, having once become dependent upon direct or indirect human assistance, could now exist in any considerable numbers without it is an open question, which in turn suggests another—the extent to which dependence upon the store that man provides has become habitual, if not in the literal sense ‘natural.’

At all times of the year our resident birds—with a few inevitable and obvious exceptions—are most numerous upon cultivated lands and in the proximity of human habitations. This is certainly not for protection, as

frequently asserted. No wild creature so completely lacks the self-preservation instinct as not to have discovered that man is its most dangerous enemy. It is entirely a question of the food supply that human occupation provides, and were man eliminated from the countryside, it is more than probable that much of the bird life would disappear also—at least during the winter months. Visit a really remote ruin—when such a place can be found in this crowded island—and compare its avifauna with that of an occupied country house in similar surroundings. In the derelict place, even during summer, there will be no bird which cannot be found in greater abundance near civilisation, while the majority of those most conspicuous round a populous homestead will be absent. That is in summer. When winter comes in full rigour, the desolation of an abandoned holding defies comparison. No bird seeks emergency fare round an empty house, so what would become of the feathered inhabitants were the country depopulated? Obviously, when hard weather sets in the resident birds which for centuries have subsisted upon man's produce would starve unless they migrated.

And there other interesting points arise: the period at which resident birds ceased to be self-supporting; their ability to meet altered conditions, and, if necessary, to acquire or revive the migratory instinct. It is improbable that natural sources of supply supplied their needs a thousand years ago any more than to-day, since the natural store is the first that fails in times of stress. For this reason our list of migrant birds is composed almost entirely of those which trust to Nature for a living, and when Nature can no longer sustain them in one land, they seek their requirements elsewhere. One may assume, therefore, that wild or primitive England never maintained perennially the bird life which cultivated England now supports, and unless such birds are actually products of civilisation the domestic blackbird—to select one characteristic example—must have lived in the forest, as the ring ouzel now lives upon the moors, and taken wing, like its upland relative, to a land of greater plenty, or starved, when the wild store became exhausted.

It seems curious, however, that any species, if once migratory, should have abandoned a habit which, if no

longer actually necessary, would still simplify the problems of its winter existence. Everything considered, circumstances tend to establish the alternative supposition that the conditions produced the fauna, together with habits to suit its environment. For this theory natural history provides substantial support. In various parts of North America, where new effects are 'carven at a stroke,' it is not unusual for a lake larger than any in Great Britain to appear almost overnight. This has happened within personal experience upon cultivated land in Western Canada, where great lakes, formed with incredible suddenness, remained permanently, or for long periods of years. The interest of this for the present purpose lies in the rapidity with which the teeming wild life of the country changes character. Even as a new building estate becomes inhabited, so birds and beasts of a different order arrive to take possession of the altered amenities, replacing those destroyed or ousted. Where gophers and ground squirrels formerly secreted their stores the musk-rat erects his green dome above the 'slough.' Where the coyote hunted brush rabbits, raccoons, and otters disturb the orchestra of a million frogs. The purple dusk which once palpitated to the boom of prairie chicken is rendered desolate by the banshee cry of the loon, all arriving, as if by enchantment, and in less time than would be occupied in stocking an artificial reserve or zoo. On the same principle, over the extending city spreads the sparrow; to the new orchard comes the bulfinch to feed, the chaffinch to nest; while afforested areas, as the trees grow, acquire their quota of jays, wood-pigeons, long-eared owls, or black-game, according to locality. It is the colonisation principle in operation. Where wild creatures can feed they live, and where they live they usually multiply. It does not necessarily follow, therefore, that our resident birds are degenerates which have lost the ability to act after the manner of their longer-sighted migrant contemporaries, or that, dole-fed and lazy from subsisting in a land of man-made abundance, they have lost the ability to fend for themselves when natural supplies are cut off. Nor can Nature justly be accused of failure to make adequate provision for a contingency which is not strictly natural. Whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom, the principal sufferers from extreme cold are cultivated crops,

domesticated animals, and those wild creatures which, even if indirectly, none the less owe their existence to human activities. During the great frost of 1939-40, for instance, rabbits, where numerous, were reduced to such straits that along miles of hedgerow edible bark was nibbled to a height of several feet above ground—wherever, indeed, a rabbit could climb. It seems unnecessary to point out, however, that under strictly natural conditions rabbits would not be so abundant.

Generally speaking, it is for the artificial alone that no provision is made, and, in certain exceptional instances, for the abnormal. To illustrate the latter point one turns again to the redwing, whose case is both outstanding and curious. The redwing is usually the first British species to succumb to famine or exposure, and remembering that the bird is a native of colder latitudes, and, in addition, a regular migrant, it seems remarkable that the migration does not extend farther into temperatures where existence would be assured. In brief, it appears to be an abnormal bird whose peculiar need is not covered by the general scheme. Again, one might have expected a wide-ranging species to adapt its procedure to the occasion, and, while remaining in this country for choice, to proceed farther south when the exigency arose. It is uncertain, however, whether birds possess either the mind or the ability to migrate except at the prescribed season, when they acquire not only the special sense, but also unwonted powers of endurance. With a few notable exceptions, long flight is not habitual among birds; nor would it be possible under ordinary circumstances, any more than long fasting in the case of an animal, unless hibernating. There can be no doubt that both the migrant and the hibernator, respectively, for the time being attain a physical state in which the processes of exhaustion and body consumption are suspended, and while the little bird which attempted an overseas voyage at the wrong season would almost certainly come to grief, an animal kept without food during the summer for a quarter of the hibernating period would starve. Renewed migration upon the part of redwings may therefore be regarded as outside the argument, and the birds become helpless when confronted with a situation to meet which they are not physically adapted.

This at first glance appears to constitute a curious

omission, until the comparative rarity of severe winters in this island is taken into account. With certain historic frosts in mind, there is an inevitable tendency to regard the 'old-fashioned' winter in an Arctic light, with carnivals upon the frozen Thames figuring as an annual institution. Dickens is sometimes blamed for the 'white Christmas' idea originating in Dingley Dell, although it was doubtless equally conventional in his time and suggested the inevitable representation. Actually, as distant hills mellow into blue, so distant winters whiten in defiance of contradictory statistics, and although cold cycles are experienced in the ordinary sequence of events a really destructive frost does not occur within periods during which many generations of redwings live and die. Their abundant survival affords proof that abnormal provision is not essential to the maintenance of the species.

Observation definitely indicates that birds suffer almost as much from exposure as hunger in prolonged cold. Even when assiduously fed, their numbers dwindle as the frost strengthens, and shelter is almost as helpful to them as food. Almost every garden contains a feeding-table, but warm roosting facilities are seldom seen, although the little feathered community would be equally grateful for any device by means of which comfort combined with safety could be enjoyed. Once upon a bitter January day, when the country lay bound under an iron wind-frost, I chanced to notice that the door of an old shed, warm, but empty except for a few faggots, stood ajar. The act of closing it was arrested by a wild flurry of tiny wings, as though a leaf-drift had been disturbed by a sudden squall, and investigation proved the place to be packed with birds of various species assembled in the one spot that afforded any real protection from the perishing Siberian blast.

All considered, it is not surprising that birds have been denied the comfort of hibernation, the question of both warmth and security presenting insurmountable difficulties. Few make nests that would be suitable for winter dormitories—the wren being, I believe, the only bird that perennially roosts in its nest—and in any case they would be too conspicuous when the hedges are bare. Underground, a bird would be subjected to constant attack from furred marauders, and the only hole-frequenters in winter

capable of taking care of themselves—owls, white or brown—not only are voracious feeders, requiring constant sustenance, but are also darkness-loving creatures for whom the long winter nights constitute a carnival. They are warmly clad, however, and their indifference to ordinary cold is evidenced by their roosting habits. Every poultry-keeper knows that the domestic fowl will roost out rather than in for choice. Partridges select bleak, open ground, and of all available trees the bare-limbed, swaying larch is preferred by wood-pigeons, irrespective of altitude or aspect. The roosting habits of birds are, however, sufficiently remarkable to constitute a subject in themselves.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 5.—BRITAIN'S CULTURAL PAST AND PRESENT.

ONCE in Heidelberg I was chatting with a group of German students about their current studies. They fixed on Shakespeare as the subject of greatest common interest between themselves and an Englishman; and this led to the further query, what other English poetry did they know? Inevitably, Byron was named, and I am afraid that I unduly depreciated him out of a desire to hint to the continental mind that our literature contains far greater names, both for inspiration and art; and I mentioned, as much more important, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; in criticism, Hazlitt; in fine prose, Landor, Lamb, and Newman. It was nearly all strange ground for them, and would remain so except for the one or two who would proceed to 'take' English literature as material for a professional career.

If then the average German university mind got no further than Shakespeare and Byron, it is certain that the youth of other continental seminaries would be no better informed. We need look no farther than this for the delusion, so common abroad, that the English have by some sport of chance produced one unaccountable genius and one other striking public poet and figure, but is otherwise a nation given up to prose and practicality; its trade and Navy—and Air Force—being the most remarkable features of its life. The British Council has been fighting down much of this ignorance in the restricted circles overseas which it has addressed. But this vacuity or prejudice dies hard. We do not name our ships or streets after our causes of intellectual pride, as, for instance, France did, though we remember their centenaries. We have had many public servants devoted to letters and the humanities: Birrell, Morley, Bryce, Grey, George Wyndham, Mark Sykes, and Buchan; and it makes a difference to English political life. That this country has produced not merely 'irregular geniuses,' but many great *artists*, conscious and disciplined, in poetry, history, sculpture, drama, painting, architecture, landscape gardening, music, and the breeding of living creatures, is little realised abroad. Our primary and even secondary schools are remiss here; though a statement in the Lords recently that numbers of children do

not know the word God except as a swear-word is hardly credible to those who know the curriculum, and should be offset by the testimony of the public schoolmaster in charge of the Air Training Corps for boys that the latter is the best all-round education of any, comprising culture, moral and general.

Mental creation surely comes naturally to a race which is usually allowed to be fine artificers. After all, this was the home of the Adams brothers, Inigo Jones, Vanbrugh, Wren, Grinling Gibbons, Chippendale, and Hepplewhite; of fine pottery, such as the Crown Derby, Worcester, Chelsea, Spode, Staffordshire, Longport, Bow, and Swansea. This 'pluto-democracy's' oversea trade was mainly built up on quality goods and design. In architecture, our Gothic (with Normandy's) is the noblest in Europe; and Tudor or Jacobean homes equal anything in France or Bavaria. When there were folk songs and dances, British examples compared with any. A high standard was set the rest of the world by our printing, wood-cuts, and lithography. As genuinely as there are Dutch, Italian, French, Flemish, and Spanish schools of painting, there is an English school, of which the earlier lights were Gainsborough, Reynolds, Morland, Constable, Crome, Turner, Blake, Wilson, Romney, Raeburn, Wilkie, while later Lavery, Orpen, Rothenstein, and Sickert carry on the tradition. To the musical censor elsewhere, we should point out that we have had our vital periods, with Tallis, Bull, Gibbons, Byrd, Blow, Purcell, and Lawes, to Sullivan, Elgar, Edward German, Parry, Stanford, Walford Davies, and Delius; that the small-town orchestra and chorus flourished till radio eclipsed them; that no nationalist narrowness purges our programmes of 'enemy' names, even in war-time; that no finer encyclopædia of the kind exists in any language than 'Groves's Dictionary of Music'; and if there are non-British commentators on music more luminous than Sir Henry Hadow and Ernest Newman, I do not know them (Berlioz excepted). Handel became English; Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn found solid encouragement here. The Savoy operas were a peculiarly English invention, and the oratorio once had its home here; while two of the abler orchestral conductors are ours.

It was among no nation of philistines that Erasmus made his home, with More, Colet, and Warham, and Voltaire's 'Letters on England' are mainly praise of our best men, our arts and political method. Conrad and Henry James paid the country the compliment of adopting it as their own. To-day, we know, it is the Ark of seven continental governments, and it is from this Ararat that the culture of Poland, Norway, Holland, and Bohemia will be rebuilt after the war. They already see points in English printing and book-binding, even in our cooking, and in such home life and amenities as a state of emergency leaves to us. The artistic impulse runs over into clothing, and the perfecting of horses, dogs, and cattle; while Emerson noted that in this 'all-preserving land' agriculture (an art, more than a science; as it is a life, more than a livelihood) 'has ruled and shaded England as with a pencil.' Thousands of men write their Georgics in the soil, not on paper; with a plough, not a pen.

The so-far unrivalled skill which goes to the making of a Hurricane II, a Halifax, Stirling, or Beaufighter, a warship, a tank, a machine gun—a skill which is raised above routine or imitative mass-production by 'genius'—this same gift, directed on to spiritual material, is active in Chaucer and Shakespeare, in the logic of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, in 'Paradise Lost,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas'; in 'The Prelude,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Songs of Innocence,' 'Maud,' 'The Scholar Gipsy,' 'Men and Women' (for Browning is among the master-craftsmen and music-makers), 'Love in the Valley,' and 'The Testament of Beauty.' It is equally in the *religious* poetry of Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert, Traherne, Christopher Smart, Patmore, Thompson, Christina Rossetti, in Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius' and Masfield's 'Everlasting Mercy.' It breaks out in Puritans like Bunyan and Mark Rutherford; it flared up twice in the evangelical movement in the hymns of Cowper and Charles Wesley; and in the Oxford Movement, in Keble and Pusey. Art entered the sermon with Dean Church, Manning, Liddon, Kingsley, and Illingworth, and is visible in many a church interior.

That there is, under the pragmatic British nature, a capacity for creation, intellectual and emotional, is shown in the early youth of self-dedication of Milton, Coleridge,

Wordsworth, and Lamb; in Burke's self-preparation for public service; in Hazlitt's pilgrimage through metaphysics and painting to glowing criticism of life and letters ('a mixture of Diderot and Borne,' said Heine); in Keats, a classic and a philosopher at twenty-two; in Gibbon, erudite at seventeen, and 'hiving wisdom with each studious year' that followed. Moreover, the tradesman fathers of Milton and Gibbon and Browning—this might be specially pointed out to the non-British theorist—encouraged and subsidised their sons in their glorious but unremunerative careers. Wordsworth was content to produce masterpieces during years of leanness, till his friend Raisley Calvert gave him a competence; and Tennyson 'followed the gleam' through years of neglect, unable even to marry, rather than misuse his art. Those who see the national characteristic as merely a heightened sense of the main chance, without perceiving also a streak of idealism and an obstinate ability to ignore the material advantage, simply have not the first clue to understanding hundreds or thousands of remarkable Britons in all walks of life. There is perhaps more of Don Quixote in us than of Sancho Panza.

The Greek and Roman classics do not now, alas, occupy in our school and university courses the place which they once did. In course of time, this may affect deleteriously our general standards of judgment and criticism. Yet there are certain easy safeguards for us—if we will only take them at our own firesides. If the more serious readers among our millions who will never know Latin or Greek, but who *do* crave fine expression, will but read often certain things in English, they will miss nothing of the virtue of a classical education. As Arnold said, if they are to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great minds of antiquity, their way to gain it is *not* through translations of the ancients—which, frankly, are so often disappointing—but, for example, through the original poetry of Milton, 'who has the like power and charm, because he has the like great style.' He has made the glory of words and rhythm and manner an inmate among us, 'a leaven and a power.' 'The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it for ever'—and all this in three or

four astonishing poems contained in one book which will go into the pocket. The same critic thought that with us 'an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger' and that 'the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us'; and 'Milton is of all our gifted men the best lesson, the most salutary influence . . . in the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique among us.'

This is assuredly true to-day, when more than ever is written and printed and casually read; when hideously wrong-headed advice is given out to young writers concerning style—to be colloquial, to deal in short sentences, to stick to common words, to disbelieve even that there is such a thing as style, beyond facility in being understood. This may be suitable advice for an advertisement copy writer, but not for men of mind and literature. Short sentences, ignoring colon or semi-colon, clause, parenthesis, or rest, resemble asthmatic speaking and breathless thinking. The humane prose of Bible and Liturgy, of Hooker, Browne, Bacon, Clarendon, and Dryden achieves beauty by a brimming flow and gracious movement. Neglect of the word, the sentence, and their associations is a form of hurry and incompetence in the art of life. To bivouac awhile in any of our many classics is a war-time privilege, and a steadying experience. Even in current comment, style has a place: the Prime Minister's power upon the word is in part an effect of saturation in Gibbon, Burke, Macaulay, Creasy. But utility apart:

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.

Democracy may in time give all alike the opportunity of reading and loving (say) Milton: but opportunity is not taste, is not judgment, is not ability. It is very odd that the British popular appreciation of good music—of Handel, Purcell, Arne, Elgar, and Delius—is more vigorous than the love of corresponding literary glories of our own: yet we are a 'star' nation in poetry (with

ancient Greece), and not so distinguished in music. Generally, we do not know where our strength is.

Again, few here or abroad realise a fact very remarkable in these levelling, standardising times, that British civic and national life has style, even the great style—only impinged on here and there by utilitarianism or vulgarity—preserving a hundred noble memories and picturesque rituals, rights, and traditions: the distinctively religious Coronation, family crests and mottoes, Yeomen of the Guard, prayers on all warships, prayer in both Houses of Parliament, ancient local rights and privileges, the honour paid to Judges of Assize, the special colour given to remembrance day, St. George's day, Empire day; the instinctive respect for the individual—sometimes *by* bureaucracy, sometimes in spite of it; the almost religious note in our patriotism; the idealism that tints our political aims; and the give-and-take which characterises our unregimented lives in street, train, and works. All of this is Art, if you like; the art of existing together with a measure of dignity and ease. Notoriously, the continental war of dialectics and ideology loses much of its virulence in any cross-Channel passage to us. We have our own way of life, and it is rightly resistant to whatever in other systems does not suit it. On the other hand, we cannot push our political specialities upon other nations with a different derivation and problems other than ours. But instead, this fervour to impress them might more usefully be exercised in stressing the high lights of our culture—especially in our literature, where we are strongest. We are not inspired shop-window-dressers in this respect. When you consider what a song the Scots put up, justifiably, about their Burns; the Czechs about their Dvorak and Smetana; and the Poles about their dozen great men, we might make a braver show in the world if we were more vocally proud of our Bacon, Milton, Newton, Wordsworth, Darwin, and the rest. Continentals are insular and benighted in so far as they do not know and enjoy these: and they might be told so.

Unfortunately, some of our own modern criticism shirks enthusiasm, and frequently leaves us in a less admiring state of mind. Perhaps most English commentators, in dealing with Milton, for instance, will

fasten on the few passages where even he fails inevitably in ascribing speeches to God the Father; where his cosmology is of course not up-to-date; or where a political prejudice peeps forth in the splendour of his epic. And out of these shortcomings they almost build up a legend of his unsatisfactoriness; as if the point about the sun were its spots, not its heat, light, and glory. Notice, they do not judge Homer, Dante, or Virgil by these pernicky rules, and Milton is at least the equal of those three. It is quite common form to mention the wordiness of Scott, to the prejudice of his strength and variety; and to quote a few naive or pretty passages from Tennyson or Wordsworth and hint that greatness is hardly predicable of such men. Strong-minded concentration on the characteristic beauties of their work is not the fashion it should be. So to many it would sound hyperbolic, instead of the bare truth, to call England the Isle of Poets, as excusably as Ireland was called an island of saints. One smart critic, citing the tribute to Milton, 'God-gifted organ-voice of England,' remarks: 'That is just the trouble with him'; betraying a common uneasiness in the presence of nobility. Huxley objected that the Creation picture so richly given in 'Paradise Lost' obstructed the progress in the popular mind of the theory of evolution! A pious objection, mistaken, is that the devil is hero of the poem. Another, trenchantly answered by Hazlitt, is that there is not enough bustle, plot, or 'human interest'; though Bagehot shows that Eve is one of the most successfully drawn beings in literature, and that whoever has a clear idea of Eve at all has it from Milton. Three fine judges, Keats, Hazlitt, and Tennyson, turned with special delight to the pathos in our supreme epic, the tenderness, the lovely nocturnes in Eden: the starry heavens indeed call forth many a time verses of the most complex charm, with the 'Beethoven soft, wondering close' of which Arthur Symonds has spoken. Here England has, in one man and his book, a focus of much of the best in previous genius—Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Italian, and English. A reperusal of any powerful author demolishes our perfunctory symbol and arbitrary label which so easily serves us instead of the truth about him. Go to Swift and Pope, Cowper and Burke themselves, not to con-

temporary chat about them, and they emerge afresh : themselves, and surprising. Reading them is a perpetual re-discovery. There is wonderful art and symmetry in Newton's 'Principia,' even ; and the same, with deep knowledge of men, in Butler's 'Sermons on Human Nature.'

Who thinks of Wordsworth as conscious artist ? As such, he is probably the least understood of our great men. People will allow him intuition, simplicity, and depth ; but at his best he has the clear outline, integrity, and easy self-control of classic art. He reminds us of a temple in intensely clear air on a height, whereas most of our poets—and half of our prose writers—are romantics ; profuse, wilful, and given to colour rather than form. Out of plain, bare, pure diction, used on some elemental theme or natural sight and mood, he gets effects which are as if Nature itself had produced them in us without human mediation. And because of this essential sincerity, many of us can also read his less inevitable and inspired things, for they too carry sudden reminders of the same oracular authenticity. In his Inscriptions (in the old Roman manner) as in his Sonnets there is an heroic note too, which helps to group him with the ancients.

The Keats Centenary reassuringly brought evidence from Hindustan, Greece, Persia, Serbia, France, Scandinavia, Poland, and elsewhere that wideawake souls in far-away places do know that Art has her shrines in this island. In the volume of tributes, I see some recognised him as an Elizabethan born late, but others as a Greek : none failed to appreciate his prodigious and precocious art, especially in the 'Odes,' and in that fragment in which he says he would die content, 'leaving great verse unto a little clan.' There are hundreds of perfections in our language which would appropriately go into the Greek Anthology. He was a very proud and deliberate English artist who wrote :

Death stands above me, whispering low
 I know not what into my ear :
 Of his strange language all I know
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

This was Landor, who likewise declared : 'I write as others wrote on Sunium's height.' There is meaning in

the contrast between his personal life—vehement, head-strong, combative—and his art life—controlled, chastened, sculptured.

It is possible to take pleasure in Landor's prose apart from its content. 'I hate false words,' he said, 'and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing'; so the massiveness, grace, and accuracy of his prose are often unrivalled. We can point any continental sceptic to the urbane, masterly Cardinal Newman as a trophy of mature culture; he can sometimes be thought of along with Cicero or Pascal. Men like Mozley, Liddon, Church, and Pusey showed the deep cultural element in English religious life. In economics, Bagehot displays wit and general culture; and in our day Tawney's range of allusion and interest, in political science, is great.

And this recalls that Art is only one of several manifestations of man's inner energy; and it is a cliquish, second-rate thing to insist upon it as the master-fact. True artists are always something more as well; they are men, with interests in all which affects human kind. Milton correctly claimed that a poet to be worth much must be 'himself a poem.' Character is the indispensable substratum of finest art, just as it is of government, civics, and business. Personality and morals alone guarantee a continuance of results. Thus the prejudice which many Britons (themselves cultivated) feel against artists who are nothing else, who live in Ivory Towers 'at distance from their kind,' disinterested in politics, religion, or men—is not only a moral prejudice, but is itself (unwittingly) artistic. The mere æsthete is an offence against true æsthetics, we feel; and outside a few untypical 'sets' we suspect the *petit-maitre* who has never struggled, been hungry, travelled, thought, 'sweated in the eye of Phœbus,' been buffeted in life, lost his childhood's faith and won a man's, and achieved the full human touch. Perhaps that is why we take Dickens to our hearts, rather than Stendhal or Maupassant. A master of language, we infer, is a poor thing if he is not master of himself and some of the secrets of life. Cleverness is disliked, when it 'sticks out,' and is unmellowed by far superior human qualities; and in vain the clagues attempt to push some idol of the season. Back we go to

the golden mean, the *aura mediocritas*; and, I repeat, this is not necessarily dullness, but instinctive philosophy, distilled experience, which are essential ingredients in the artistic conscience. The very word 'culture' renders us sometimes uneasy, partly by reason of its likeness to a Teutonic term meaning a harsh, unlovable thing, but still more because it has 'precious' and limiting connotations. Let culture be so incorporated that it works and tastes subconsciously, and let it never lose 'the common touch.' Let art—all the arts—serve man and life, and not arrogantly claim autonomy; and the same injunction certainly applies to science. This people has in the past tried the reign of the tyrant, of the Commonwealth 'saints,' of the Victorian scientist, of the overweening Party, and it did not like them. We have in our time rejected the ideologies, which are visibly dying in their places of origin. May we have the native force to refuse bureaucracy, emotional slogans, and other cheap ways out of effort.

Certain savants offer us knowledge as the saving clue. It is not enough. Rather would I say, after Tawney, 'Knowledge guided by love.' For the full and genuine culture is, among other things, of a religious nature.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 6.—DISEASE AND WAR.

THE Minister of Health said recently that, during this war, we have been remarkably free from epidemics of serious infectious diseases, also that maternal and infantile mortality had remained at or near the lowest levels. The expected nervous disorders owing to aerial bombardment had not appeared, and, in spite of rationing—perhaps because of it—the physical condition of the people was unusually good after over two years of total war.

These facts are the result of intelligent anticipation of the dangers, and of the application of scientific measures to counteract them. Almost for the first time in our history the food supply of the people has been controlled and rationalised in the interests of all. A planned economy of foodstuffs is, perforce, in operation.

In total war the nourishment of all, especially of children, workers, and members of the defence forces, is a national necessity. In the days of peace all sorts of obscurations to this basic fact were allowed to creep in and to be justified by the mental background of *laissez faire*. We must never again allow society to lose this new planned food economy.

While our present condition of good health is largely due to the organisation of essential food standards for all, to improved housing and to healthy mental conditions, we must not forget the value of the more direct medical attack upon the sources of disease which has gone on along with these indirect improvements. This is particularly notable in improvements in the hygiene of the Army at home and abroad.

In the Army, the medical services tend to lay special emphasis upon prevention rather than upon cure, while, taking the civil attitude generally, the tendency has been to keep most in mind the cure of disease rather than its prevention. The successful Army medical officer is the one who has fewest patients in his waiting-room; in civil life it is usually considered to be the doctor who has his waiting-room full.

This difference of viewpoint must have an effect upon the attitudes of the practitioners concerned. Perhaps the coming of a State medical service will be the way to bring

about a greater emphasis all round upon prevention rather than cure.

The purpose of this article is to discuss in general terms the problems of an army as far as the maintenance of health is concerned. An army exists to fight, not to go to hospital. A sick fighting force is a contradiction in terms. If it is really sick, it is no longer an army, in spite of stories of self-sacrifice and battles won by disease-ridden combatants. The fact that the English Army at Agincourt was riddled with dysentery is no argument that dysentery is of little account. On the contrary, there are numerous examples where disease either led to disaster or to unnecessarily protracted campaigns.

During their advance upon Constantinople, in the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, the Russian Army came to a full stop at the famous defence lines of Chatalja. There appears little doubt that the superior Russian forces and arms would have reduced these defences had not another and more deadly obstacle to their progress appeared. Typhus fever, not to be confused with typhoid fever, broke out among the Russians, and soon became of extreme severity and extent. It spread like wildfire among the closely packed attacking army. Constantinople was saved to the Turks more by the insidious typhus germ than by the resistance of its defenders. It would be fascinating to speculate what would have been the effects on world history but for this adventitious interference by disease with the advance of a great army.

But the lesson which such an event teaches us can, nevertheless, be learned, so that a ceaseless vigilance is exercised to prevent the diseases which have afflicted armies in the past from decimating ours in the future. The example just quoted will serve to introduce the discussion of the preventive measures which are appropriate in combating diseases in the typhus group.

It is only by keeping an army free from the louse that typhus can be prevented. This is no easy matter under conditions in the field. If, however, every soldier appreciates the situation and makes his individual contribution, the preventive measures of the Army medical services will be successful.

Lousiness means being infested by head or body lice. The head louse is more common on women and children

than the body louse, whereas the reverse is the case with men. Either variant of the parasite transmits these diseases. The Press reports that epidemic typhus has appeared in poverty-stricken Eastern Europe and Spain. It behoves us, therefore, to be on our guard against lice infestation everywhere.

The three diseases associated with this form of personal infestation are typhus fever, trench fever, and relapsing fever. Typhus fever is the gaol fever of early days. Typhus has decimated armies in the past. In 1757, Ling, a naval surgeon, recorded that 'the disease is the most fatal and general cause of sickness in the Royal Navy. The mortality from it has been greater than by all the diseases and means of death put together.' The Bavarian Army, allied with the French in the campaign of 1812-13, lost 25,000 men through typhus. Lieut.-General MacArthur, former Director-General of Medical Services, says: 'We find it an invariable accompaniment of naval and military operations, provided that these were sufficiently prolonged.' The disease appeared in epidemic proportions in Serbia and Russia and in British prisoner of war camps in Germany during the last war.

The discovery that typhus was conveyed by the excreta of lice being rubbed into scratches or sores gave the medical authorities an angle of attack against this disease. There is some evidence, also, that dust from the blankets of infected men shaken into the eyes and nostrils of healthy people can convey the infection. This will largely explain the speed with which the spread of typhus can take place. This fact was known to mediæval doctors, for they wore masks and used wands in the presence of typhus fever.

Trench fever is not so deadly a disease as typhus, but during the last war it produced a high rate of non-effectives for periods up to three months. It was estimated that during 1917 over 15 per cent. of the total admissions for all sorts of sickness in France were due to trench fever, which had at first been vaguely diagnosed as P.U.O.* Because of trench fever, as many as 45,000 per million men in the field were lost for varying periods each year through evacuation to the base.

* Pyrexia of uncertain origin.

Relapsing fever, which often occurs in association with trench fever, is conveyed by the crushed juices of infected lice being rubbed or scratched into the skin. Relapses occurred in this form of disease, although the mortality was exceedingly low, being not more than 2 per cent. It was common in the Serbian Army in 1915 and also appeared in Egypt among British troops.

The line of attack against this type of disease is, therefore, by reducing the condition of lousiness in the troops. In the last war, strenuous measures, of a somewhat improvised character, were undertaken to provide baths, clean changes of underclothing, and for the killing of lice and their eggs on the outer clothing of the soldier. Individual methods of personal cleanliness, coupled with the use of deterrent pastes and powders rubbed into the seams of clothing, were also practised, and by the end of the war, control was becoming more and more effective.

In this war, specialised units have been organised and equipped to provide, quickly and in a wide variety of circumstances, hot water for baths, and also disinfestation chambers using circulated hot air, to kill the lice and their eggs on the clothing of the troops. This equipment is of an easily portable character and is often worked in association with a mobile field laundry, through which exchanges of clean, disinfested underclothing can be obtained. Improvements have also been made in the effectiveness of deterrent powders.

Thus the general condition of lousiness, so often met with in the last war, is again being combated in an organised manner. Troops generally free from lice are unlikely to contract typhus, relapsing and trench fevers, at any rate in epidemic proportions. An understanding of the avenue of infection has thus produced a rational method of attack so as to break the chain of infection. The killing disease that typhus has been in past campaigns is, with vigilance, less likely, under present-day conditions, to endanger seriously the health of our army. If trench warfare reappears or conditions arise where troops have to operate for long periods without facilities for personal hygiene or disinfestation, then lousiness is certain to occur.

A breakdown of organisation, coupled with the herding of people together in shelters or dug-outs, may also result

in serious outbreaks of lice-borne diseases. If there is poor nutrition as well, then we may again see the inmates of the Nazi prison which Europe is to-day becoming ridden, as so often it has been in the past, with gaol fever. The importance of anti-louse measures in our bombed cities and among colonies of evacuated civilians must not be overlooked. It must be remembered that the louse is a human parasite and cannot live long away from its human host. Thus the attack against it can only succeed to the extent that people in a community, whether healthy or sick, are kept free from lice.

It may be appropriate here to consider another group of serious insect-borne infections, i.e. chiefly malaria and yellow fever. Anopheline mosquitoes are the carriers of malaria. The parasites of this disease, which is the ague of older days in this country, follow one cycle of life in the body of the mosquito and another in the blood of the human being. If the blood of a human contains these parasites, and he is bitten by a malaria-carrying mosquito, the parasites are sucked in with the blood by the biting mosquito, and, after undergoing a period of development in the mosquito, will after an interval be transferred in an infective state into the blood of his next victim.

Yellow fever is carried by a certain type of culicine mosquito, so that war against all these pests in the fever countries is the rule.

Malaria has long been a disease of expeditions and garrisons in tropical and sub-tropical regions. It is a greater killing disease in the world than all other diseases put together. Over a million people die from malaria in India every year. In Macedonia in the last war, when malarial valleys were occupied by our troops, the danger was insufficiently appreciated in time, with the result that there were over 160,000 admissions to hospital on account of this disease. To this fact alone most of the earlier ill success of this campaign can be attributed.

At one time, in certain Indian stations, it could almost be said of the garrisons that they were composed of men who had had malaria or were yet to have it. Such a description used to be applied in this country to smallpox, which, before Jenner and his vaccination, was always endemic, and often epidemic, in this country. Anti-malarial measures in most Indian stations have resulted

in a phenomenal reduction in the incidence of the disease among the troops.

Preventive action must be based upon the habits and life-history of the infecting mosquito and the attack upon the chain of infection made at every possible link. First, the breeding-grounds of the anophelines, and, indeed, all types of mosquitoes, must be controlled. Usually, these are in stagnant water, pools, and cisterns; although some varieties of malaria-carrying anophelines breed in moving water. Drainage of swamps, the canalisation of rivulets and streams, the screening of tanks, the oiling or dusting with arsenical powders of undrained water—these are measures which must be followed to reduce the breeding within the vicinity of the camp or cantonment. Often such action will entail extensive engineering works, which, however, pay for themselves in increased health and efficiency for the inhabitants. Similar measures to control the particular culicine mosquitoes which are carriers of yellow fever have to be carried out in the areas so afflicted. The classic example is that of the Panama Canal zone. Where De Lesseps failed on account of yellow fever, General Goethals succeeded because his first action in the canal zone was a radical attack upon the mosquito-infested swamps and streams.

The prevention of the access of mosquitoes to both sick and healthy persons is the second line of defence. This is done by the screening of barracks, of beds, and by the protection of the person through face nets, suitable clothing—especially at night—and by the use of repelling creams.

Then there is the defence by the destruction of the adult mosquito wherever he—or, rather, she, being the biter—is to be found. The use of traps, sprays, swatters, fumes, and other means of stupefying, catching, and killing mosquitoes in the various habitations have to be adopted. The use of fish which feed on the larvæ of mosquitoes also has a limited application. It is by attack and defence all along the line that success can be achieved.

Certain sandflies in hot regions are capable of conveying sandfly fever, oriental sore, and probably Kala Azar, a highly fatal infection of India and other parts of Asia, which affects both sexes at all ages. An attack upon crevices in the ground, in walls, in drains and such places,

is made for a distance of about 30 feet around all habitations. The cleanliness of houses and their environments, the clearing of vegetation for about 200 yards around inhabited buildings, the whitewashing and tarring of walls—all these methods are designed to prevent the breeding of the noxious sandfly. The use of specially fine nets over beds, doors, and windows will aid in preventing access of the sandfly to the person, and, since the insect does not fly high and is blown away by a slight breeze, considerable protection can be obtained by the use of air fans and by sleeping on roofs or in the upper storeys.

The tale of disease-bearing insects is not yet told. The housefly is a mechanical carrier of disease, but is best considered in association with infections of the excremental type. Fleas which infest furry animals like rats and squirrels may carry bubonic plague to humans. Rat communities, particularly in Eastern countries, may suffer from epidemics of plague, and when the rats die the fleas seek human hosts for sustenance. Their bites then cause widespread occurrences of bubonic plague, which, in colder regions, sometimes develop into the pneumonic form. This is highly infectious, especially when men live in close proximity in buildings which may be ill ventilated. The infection of the healthy person then is by direct inhalation of the droplets coughed or sneezed into the air by the sufferer from pneumonic plague. The Great Plague of the seventeenth century probably took this form and arose from the rat-infested wooden buildings of old London. Rats infected with plague entered the Port of London, and passed it on through infected fleas to the native rats. The Great Fire of London came to purify by its flames the old picturesque but unhygienic wooden buildings. Personal, domestic, and communal cleanliness to provide a flea- and rat-free environment is the best line of defence.

But perhaps the most serious group of diseases to which the soldier is prone are the excremental diseases affecting the intestines. The infection is passed into the alimentary tract by being ingested with food and drink. Of these diseases, cholera, typhoid fever, the paratyphoid fevers, dysentery and infective diarrhoea are the most important. These are caused by specific germs which

abound in the faeces and urine of persons who suffer from these diseases. Indeed, they may be present in the excreta of persons who are healthy themselves, but, having suffered from the disease, still pass the germs from their bodies. Again, in an epidemic of typhoid, for example, mild cases may occur, be overlooked, but yet pass infected excreta.

For this reason no soldier with an enteric record is allowed to be employed in the Army in the preparation of food or in handling water supplies. How large-scale water supplies can be infected was illustrated a few years ago when a typhoid carrier, employed at a well which supplemented the water supply of Croydon, caused a serious epidemic of typhoid fever in the town.

We lack no examples in past campaigns of the dangers to troops of these excremental diseases. Cholera killed 10,000 British and French troops in the Crimea and still destroys scores of thousands of Asiatics every year. Dysentery almost immobilised the British Army in the Crimean War, and in the South African War there were about 40,000 cases, with nearly 1,500 deaths.

Typhoid and paratyphoid fevers are common all over the world. The British Army in South Africa sustained typhoid casualties to the tune of nearly 60,000, of whom over 8,000 died. These casualties caused the Army authorities to take action, with the result that in the Great War of 1914-19 there were only about 30,000 cases of typhoid among approximately 6,000,000 men, and only about 800 were fatal. This remarkable reduction in the incidence of a disease which seemed to have dogged the steps of armies from time immemorial was a great achievement for preventive medicine. It must be remembered that in any large body of men there are a number of typhoid-carriers. In fact, an army often takes with it the sources of its own infection.

How then is the attack made upon the excremental infections? As in most preventive medicine, the result is achieved by a combination of various measures of defence. For the excremental group of diseases these measures will apply generally. If we remember that human excreta is what contains the infective material, then our course of action becomes clear. First, a good system of field sanitation has to be planned to suit the variable

conditions in the field. Human excreta must be disposed of in such a manner that it will not contaminate any water supplies, will not be carried by flies, on human hands, or as dust in the wind, on to the food and drink of the soldiers.

Thus latrines and urinals, as well as food stores, must be made fly-proof. Excreta must be returned to earth *in situ*, or somewhere else, unless it is burned in a destructor. Thus field sanitary appliances and improvisations are designed to ensure that this is done. The excreta—all of which must be regarded as infected—must not be disposed of so as to find its way into a well or other water supply. Then again, on the water supply side, action must be taken to ensure the adequate filtration and subsequent sterilisation, chemically, of water used by the troops for, at least, drinking and cooking. Modern appliances, carried on motor trucks and trailers, have been designed to standardise these operations and special personnel trained to work them. These water duty men must not also be employed upon sanitary duties.

The common house fly finds his protein in predigested form in human excreta. Afterwards he seeks his fats and carbohydrates in the kitchens and messrooms. The fly deposits upon foodstuffs excreta picked up by his hairy feet. He regurgitates what he has recently fed upon and generally behaves in a disgusting manner. Obviously we have, therefore, not only to keep the fly out of the latrines and away from all foodstuffs but prevent him breeding as well. He breeds most prolifically in fresh horse manure, but will do so in almost any decaying refuse. Therefore, the treatment of horse manure by burning, tight packing, etc., and the maintenance of a proper system of collection and destruction of all offensive refuse is part of the sanitary discipline of the camp. The adult fly, its grub or larva, its pupa—all must be caught or destroyed wherever they can be found. The fly population of a camp is a good index of its sanitation.

All these actions in combination have meant a vastly improved field system of sanitation. In the field it is obvious that the Army must be its own public health authority and must devise a system of sanitation, primitive perhaps, but nevertheless, in the circumstances, efficient. To this end each unit has upon its establishment sanitary personnel, who have to be trained in their work.

On the campaign, or when overseas, a disciplined control of mineral water supplies, of ice, ice cream, fruit, vegetables, and other foods obtained from native sources, must be exercised. Shellfish may be contaminated, and all possible precautions must be taken to ensure that the link from infected native to healthy soldier is never forged. Here discipline comes into action, and nowhere is this more carefully exercised than in the prevention of drinking from unauthorised sources.

Especially in respect of the typhoid group, inoculation has proved of great preventive value. Mixed strains of typhoid and paratyphoid germs, which have been killed, are introduced into the body by means of a hypodermic syringe. The dead germs are incapable of producing the disease, but have the effect of stimulating in the blood the formation of the appropriate antibodies to typhoid and the paratyphoids. Thus a high degree of artificial immunity is produced. When anti-typhoid inoculation was introduced into the French Army at the end of 1915 the number of cases fell steeply from 67,000 to about 12,000 in 1916, 1,700 in 1917, and 750 in 1918. This kind of precaution, coupled with better sanitation and control of water supplies, explains the vast improvements in the statistics of typhoid and paratyphoid during the Great War.

Associated with the excremental diseases are infestations of the intestines, particularly in certain warm countries, and especially where irrigation is practised, by a species of worm which spends part of its life cycle in a freshwater snail and part in man. Infestation can take place when bathing or swimming in the snail-infested water or by drinking it. The snails are kept from water used for drinking and cooking by a fine screen and the worms killed by chlorination of the water for a longer time than is usually customary. Boiling drinking water is an effective sterilising method for this type as well as the bacterial type of contamination.

Another very important group of diseases are those spread by the inhalation of droplets of infected mucus coughed, sneezed, breathed, or spit out of the mouths of sufferers from the diseases, or even by carriers. These are chiefly diphtheria, cerebro-spinal fever, tuberculosis of the lungs, scarlet fever, measles, smallpox, influenza,

and the common cold. The cerebro-spinal fever epidemic early in the last war will be remembered.

Preventive measures are in this case of the indirect kind. They imply in the main adequate ventilation, to dilute and carry out of the room these infective droplets, particles of which may be propelled, especially by coughing and sneezing, considerable distances through the air. Some of them, such as the germs of tubercle of the lungs, are very resistant and may retain their virulence in the dust of a room for a long time. Other germs causing diseases in this group die rapidly in fresh air and sunshine.

The problem of ventilation is made more acute because of the need for a strict black-out. It is quite possible to design or adapt shutters, blinds, and curtains so as to permit the passage of adequate fresh air without a leakage of light.

Overcrowding must obviously be avoided, and at least 450 cubic feet of air space found for every person, if this is at all possible. A proper spacing of the sleeping men within their billet with a head and toe alternation is then followed. This, or the provision of screens between the men's heads, reduces the chance of the propelled droplets reaching the mouths and nostrils of the other men.

Bedding, especially blankets, harbour the germs of such diseases, and they are usually disinfected periodically as a routine. Opportunity is taken whenever there is a dry, windy, and perhaps sunny day, to shake blankets thoroughly. When this is done the men stand in pairs across wind with their mouths and noses turned to leeward. Any infected dust on such a day is made harmless by the natural action of sun and air.

Droplet infections are of particular importance in relation to air-raid shelters, and ventilation here must be the main line of defence. Dust-allaying action, such as oiling the floors, is important in all places where people congregate. Some success has been claimed in the direct disinfection of the air in shelters by aerosols, such as sodium hypochlorite, finely sprayed into the atmosphere. The modern medical opinion on gargling with antiseptic solutions is that it is of doubtful value. The disinfection in boiling water or in baths of superchlorinated water of crockery and cutlery, especially when used in common, is

of importance as one line of defence against the spread of infection of the droplet type.

Another important group of diseases which affect soldiers are those acquired by actual contact. They are the venereal diseases, various skin diseases, and scabies. Much progress has been made of recent years in the Army with action purposing to reduce the incidence of venereal diseases. The commanding officer of a unit is encouraged to take a personal interest in the welfare of his men. Measures which he can take, rather than the normal curative action, are the most effective in prevention. These measures include adequate facilities for recreation, for healthy social intercourse, for reading and study. It is the soldier's leisure that has to be well organised in this matter in order to give work for idle hands and subjects upon which active interests can be employed.

Modern barracks are designed to provide facilities for the leisure life of the soldier. Well planned institutions are general in barrack areas, and there are libraries, playing-fields, gymnasia, and opportunities for societies and classes of all kinds. Barrack theatres for amateur performers are now common.

It is no longer a crime in the Army to contract venereal disease, only to conceal it. The result of all these measures is that the incidence of the disease in the modern army is infinitesimal as compared with 1914-18.

Scabies is caused by the itch mite and not by a germ. Appropriate preventive measures and arrangements for treatment are made in the Army. The medical service has also regard for such infections as rabies, spirochætal jaundice from the infected excreta of rats, and undulant fever contracted by drinking the milk of infected goats and in other ways. The latter was prevalent in the garrison in Malta, where it was known as Malta or Mediterranean fever. Control of the supplies of goat milk reduced the occurrence of this disease in the Malta garrison.

Finally, there are the diseases brought about by environmental conditions. Exposure to heat, when coupled with a high humidity, may give rise to heat-stroke, and, when combined with a dry atmosphere, to heat exhaustion. Low temperature, coupled with a dry atmosphere, may result in frost-bite, and, when in

combination with wetness, give rise to trench foot. These ailments are now well understood, and prevention is achieved by appropriate diet, clothing, ventilation of the body surfaces, and arrangements to achieve bodily comfort in a variety of conditions. Our experience in past wars and our medical knowledge of the causes of these diseases, due to climatic exposure, has produced in the Army an awareness of the dangers involved and how they can be met.

In the campaigns of the past, food deficiency diseases have appeared. Scurvy was at one time one of the great scourges of armies, navies, and all navigators. The deficiency of vitamin C in the menu caused this distressing condition, which almost exterminated the Turkish Army in the Crimea. In the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese suffered much from beri-beri, a food deficiency disease due to eating rice from which the vitamins in the husk and germ have been removed by the polishing of the grain.

Much has been done of recent years in the study of vitamins and their importance in nutrition. The diet of the Army is planned, as far as the supplies permit, to give the necessary vitamin content. During the Arctic winter of 1918-1919, the North Russia Expeditionary Force germinated peas and beans, and, after boiling them lightly, ate them as a fresh vegetable, containing, through the germination, the essential vitamin C. When the force is operating in arctic or arid conditions, or where there is an insufficiency of vitamin C in the ordinary diet, it is possible to-day to issue it in tablet form. In this war a diet rich in vitamin A is especially planned to overcome tendencies to night blindness in airmen, lorry and tank drivers, and other troops operating at night.

It will be seen how comprehensive must be the hygienic organisation of an army. The emphasis upon prevention is of controlling importance in order to economise manpower and to maintain the force in the field. Thus education in the theory of hygiene and the practice of field sanitation has become a basic part of military training. Within the unit itself the medical officer trains his sanitary duty squad and his water duty men just as thoroughly as he trains his stretcher-bearers and medical orderlies. Every man receives elementary instruction in personal hygiene. Then the Field Hygiene Section, attached to the

Division or operating in the area, undertakes further training of the sanitary and water duty personnel. Specialist officers in hygiene attached to the staff assist and organise similar training, while the Army School of Hygiene, now greatly expanded to deal with the modern army, not only provides courses for sanitary and water duty personnel, but also for unit medical officers, regimental officers, hygiene specialists, Field Hygiene Sections, and other people connected with the hygiene service of the Army.

There are also more specialised courses for medical officers in tropical medicine at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, at the Tropical School, Liverpool, and at the Royal Army Medical College.

In parallel with the medical staff, concerned mainly with the evacuation and treatment of casualties, there is the hygiene staff, with representatives of appropriate rank, right down from the War Office to the medical officers in the units.

Technically, the commanding officer of every unit is responsible for the health and well-being of his men and for carrying out in practice the sanitary measures now so much better understood than they were. He is, however, sure of expert assistance from the medical officer, from the Field Hygiene Section, composed of expert sanitarians, and from the hygiene branch of the medical staff, in this, perhaps, his greatest responsibility.

FREDERIC EVANS.

Art. 7.—THE HUMAN VOICE.

OCTOGENARIANS at the present day can look back on a period of revolution in Great Britain more sweeping and thorough than has been known in all previous centuries. It began about 1830 and was in full swing in 1850, affecting and strangely transforming every department of social life. In these there has been a searching spirit of inquiry at work, and there is not a profession or an industry which has not been the subject of reforming idealism sufficiently powerful to effect what may fairly be called a revolution not only in principles but in their practical application.

It is worthy of remark that all this inquiry and change has been brought about without bloodshed or civil strife of any serious or prolonged kind. One can imagine that many foreigners must have wondered at this fact, more noticeable in recent British history than in any other of the great nations of the world, and have asked for an explanation of this singular immunity from civil slaughter. One answer might be given to the effect that, violent though the changes have been and the disputes to which they have given birth, nobody really knew what was happening; and you cannot open your neighbour's head—as the Irish would say—if you think he is doing nothing.

Now among the subjects which have been overhauled and completely transformed is bodily health. Not only has there been an immense advance in the work of the general practitioner, and still more in surgery, but the huge cloud of unquestioning ignorance which enveloped the lay mind eighty years ago has been so far dispelled that most 'educated' patients have a smattering of knowledge sufficient to make them suspect that often the cleverest physician, in prescribing medicines, makes a leap in the dark; and to put questions which the 'expert' cannot answer with any confidence. This is partly because, as one of the faculty remarked fifty years ago, 'each generation of human beings is a little different from the previous one: so is each generation of microbes.' Nevertheless the advance in the knowledge of almost every organ of the human body has been almost immeasurable during the same period. I say 'almost every organ,' because there is at least one singular exception:

that is the throat, the larynx, the seat of the production of human speech and the witchery of song. Yet of all organs the throat, if properly treated, is one of the strongest and the most rewarding, not only to the possessor and user of it but to the select few who have been privileged to enjoy not only the rapture of hearing a perfectly trained singer but the modulated and expressive tones of the voice in ordinary conversation.

In speaking of the ignorance which enshrouds the whole subject of the human voice I do not mean to say that the few scientific experts who have laboured at the subject have made no advance in recent years; but they have been hampered in their investigations by the profound indifference of the general public to the whole subject of the *vox humana* and its development, as well as to the manifest tragedy of its misuse.

This point will be explained shortly. Before attempting to estimate the grievous loss to our social life caused by neglect of the vocal organs as the instruments of speech it should be noticed that the public taste in Great Britain has changed most decidedly, by shifting its admiration from the possession of beautiful voices to the exponents of the dramatic passionate style, which captivated the audiences by the histrionic rendering of the words and not by vocalisation and the simple effect of pure tone. Santley maintained that the cause of this most lamentable variation of fashion was that modern singers were not trained for more than two years, whereas he himself had spent seven years, mainly, I think, in North Italy, where the tradition of the *bel canto* still held its ground.

Certain it is that the modern audiences extend their favour to the dramatic singers—the greatest of whom, I suppose, was Chaliapin, the renowned Russian. I was told that he was a prodigiously fine basso, the voice which, next to that of the very few select chorister-boys, has given me a special thrill. I heard him in London and was bitterly disappointed; not in the dramatic power, which was superb—witness the Volga Boat Song—but in the quality of the voice, which was not a bass but a baritone of the rough order, like that of many German singers, instead of the organ timbre such as that of Edouard de Retske, and one or two choir men I have heard. Indeed it seems certain that in England deep

basses are becoming extinct, and the loss to the Handel choruses is incalculable. The evidence is to be found in the public schools, where very nearly all the singers at eighteen years of age are baritones; over 90 per cent., I should say, plus a handful of dubious tenors.

The Decay of the Singing Voice. According to Santley, then, the rarity of the *bel canto* singing voice was due to hasty and insufficient training; to want of pains, in short. It must have been accelerated by the popularity of Wagner's operas. The great soprano Titiens was reported as having accepted the part of Elsa in 'Lohengrin,' though she was warned that it was impossible to sing any of Wagner's music in the Italian style, of which she was a supreme example. She essayed it, however, and triumphed. So did Santley in 'The Flying Dutchman'; but these were two of the earlier operas in which the author had not shaken himself free of the Mozart influence. They were more vocal and melodious, and if Wagner had refrained himself after the first three efforts perhaps the trenchant criticism uttered by Dr Murray, the Principal of University College, Exeter, would never have been uttered. It was to this effect, and spoken in August 1914: 'It is worth notice that we are now at war with a nation that is half-mad; and their madness is due to the fact that the whole of the middle-classes have listened for five hours weekly to Wagner's operas for 25 (?) years.' It would take us away from our subject to examine that remarkable diagnosis. What we have to remark is that the example of the German singers at Bayreuth helped to lessen the demand for pure vocalisation, and as the demand fell off the supply ceased.

There is reason to believe that the bewitching beauty of a boy's voice would be more frequently heard if more pains were taken to train the children after the manner of Sir Walford Davies with the Temple choir. Not many organists seem to have the knack. Sir G. Elvey produced Hancock, who, in 1867, was a prodigy. But why is it that such voices are not heard now? None, anywhere, nearly equal to Titiens, Trebelli, and Patti among women, or Sims Reeves, Santley, and Maas among men? *

* The last exponent of the *bel canto* that I have heard was Liza Lehmann. Her voice was not equal in power to Clara Butt's but was sweeter. She gave way from ill-health in her prime—a great loss. There may, of course, be

If Santley was right in speaking of the hurried modern training as responsible for the decay of the tradition founded, I suppose, by Porpora, who used to give his pupils the task of singing a page of his own composition over and over again for a whole year till every note was perfect, it is easy to see that young singers to-day succumb to the temptation of taking a short cut to fame by trusting to personal gifts of nature with a minimum of training. The British public, for the most part, have never heard a perfectly trained voice—except possibly a soprano boy's voice over the wireless—and are ignorant of the extent of their loss. To emphasise the nature of that loss it is advisable to hark back in history to Farinelli, famous in the middle of the eighteenth century. In one Italian opera he entered the stage and sang a single, long-drawn out note, beginning very softly and rising to a great 'crescendo,' dying away 'pianissimo.' No word was uttered; simply a vowel sound, followed by rapturous applause for five minutes.

A century and a half have passed, and with our fatal tendency to idolise the example of foreign people we came to admire the German style, which is really more a recitation of words partly in tune, the whole appeal being made, not by the voice nor even by the melody, but by the theme of the words and by the dramatic force with which it is conveyed. There is no reason to suppose that the two kinds of appeal should not be combined, as they were by Lablache in buffoonery or by Sims Reeves in his amazing high A, put in illegitimately at the end of Handel's 'The Enemy Said.'

So far I have attempted to show that the public has ceased to demand the purity of tone common among the leading vocalists seventy years ago, and that a real decline in the quality of voice has resulted. One result or symptom of this fact has been the scanty training of the singing voice. We must now pass to the absence of all training of the speaking voice, and its results.

The Speaking Voice. It is a regrettable fact that among the nations of Europe and America the British seem to take the least pains about the marvellous gift of speech possessed by all members of the human voice.

other exceptions, but the general character of the change is not open to question.

We encourage our children to learn to speak by using the natural faculty of imitation, and so long as they in a reasonable time make themselves understood we take no further heed, quite ignorant of the fact that the vocal organs in the throat are almost universally misused and strained generally about the time of puberty. The results of this mischief are manifold. They show themselves in ordinary conversation, in reading aloud, in lecturing and public speaking of all kinds, and in acting.

How very rare it is to come across a really trained speaking voice, such that even the partially deaf can hear every word, and the quality of which lasts on far into old age. Most of us in a hurrying age are satisfied if the uttered words—especially names or numbers which cannot be general—are just audible. But audibility is only a small part of the matter. Many voices are audible because of the reasonable pronunciation of consonants—much more important than vowel sounds—but what could be said of the beautiful faculty of expressiveness? The word means that, now and again, probably on the stage, one hears a voice like Ellen Terry's which powerfully stirred the emotions by the mere changes of the voice tone. It is, of course, rarely that one hears so exquisite a voice as Ellen Terry's, and it is easy to dismiss the subject with the conventional verdict that Nature favours a few with a special gift and leaves the rest of us more or less ill-equipped; but so long as we speak audibly nobody has any criticism to offer.

The present writer is emboldened to say that the ordinary conversation of educated people is immensely less enjoyable than it would be if all young people had had, say, four lessons of half an hour each at the age of twenty; that there would be less misunderstanding one of another, which often occurs because half of the speaker's full meaning is withheld by the lack of expressiveness due to perpetual unconscious straining of the laryngeal muscles. I am well aware that very few of my readers will consider these propositions as anything but wholly unwarrantable. None the less they are true. Professor Bernard Parkes, in his delightful and instructive little volume 'Russia,'* speaks of the charm of the ordinary

* 'Penguin' Special.

Russian talk, especially of the peasants. 'Fortunately a Russian relishes words as he speaks them, and does not swallow them, but gives the whole of them.' The only Englishman I can call to mind who could be so described was Mr Gladstone. The perfection of his articulation and the lingering on each syllable, combined with a beautifully *expressive* voice, made it impossible not to listen to whatever he said. Such a transformation of our social life as is here hinted at is, I admit, nearly inconceivable.

A few tentative beginnings may be noted. Some public school teachers insist on distinct articulation from the boys in class, but all efforts in this direction are sorely hampered by the breaking of the voice, and the self-consciousness which very often accompanies it, just at the age when the subject begins to be understood. Yet by the age of eighteen a beginning can be made. Articulation can be taught earlier; it largely consists in strong pronunciation of consonants. The vowel sounds belong to the real voice training, i.e. four good half-hour lessons will in all normal cases make a great and salutary difference all through life.

So far as regards speaking voice and articulation. These hints are of course important for public speaking and singing, about which more is to be said. But there is one broad topic which belongs to all kinds of voice training, and that is the ignorance of the public in respect of the general necessity of any training at all. Why should the most delicate handling of the subject of individual training be resented, as it often is, as a personal insult? Or else all admonition is resolved into the injunction, 'open your mouth wide' or 'hold your head up,' both being erroneous. It is to be feared that the British are most bigotedly indifferent to everything connected with the production of the vowel-sounds on which the expressiveness of the tone depends. Think of the marvel of the larynx, or 'Adam's apple,' which is stated to contain 140 separate muscles, every one of which is in danger of serious misuse, which ruins the audibility of the utterance, and even if that is corrected all charm of sound is lost.

Take a tuning-fork; make it vibrate, and hold it over an empty jug, and the sound produced by the vibration is greatly reinforced, perhaps more than doubled. Or if

one listens to a coach driven through a village, its approach heralded by an old-fashioned trumpet, one may hear the sound suddenly doubling in volume and then dying down again. On investigation it will be found that at the moment of crescendo the vehicle was passing an open empty barn, which acts as the empty jug mentioned above. Where, then, and what are the cavities which multiply so incredibly the voices of men and of some animals? They are four in number. (1) The chest; (2) the back of the throat, the pharynx; (3) the front of the mouth or palate; (4) the large cavities behind the nose, the existence of which are unknown to about 99 per cent. of British speakers. It is the perfect natural adjustment of these cavities which is rudely disturbed by the immense majority of English-speaking people, who mumble for about twenty years after the voice breaks, or who increase the strain by singing or platform speaking or acting till a collapse comes, normally about thirty-five to forty years of age. This point, however, belongs to the second section of this paper which deals with public speaking, preaching, and singing.

It will be convenient to deal first with the question of the low standard of reading the lessons in the Church services, and along with that the rarity of a natural way of speaking in the pulpit. Some years ago a small committee of Churchmen was appointed to deal with this. There were two very competent Bishops, namely Bishop Burrows, of Chichester, and Walter Frere, of Truro. Added to them were two or three throat experts. The proceedings were brief, but I understand that all the theological colleges were providing, or promised to provide, definite voice-production lessons for their students. How far this was carried out remains obscure. Nobody seems to have noted any improvement in respect of clerical reading or elocution.

But the point is that there are scores of parsons who are penetrated with the meaning of the Second Isaiah, and strive to bring it out, but fail because the vowel organ cannot respond to the appeal. They are stiffened by being strained, and the result, which they deplore, is monotony. As an instance of what I mean, the late William Aiken, who devoted his life to the throat and its acoustics, a really scientific authority, vainly hungering

for young persons to teach, at last got hold of one who had the sense to know what was at stake. Aiken first liberated his voice, which had been misused, not for long, in the ordinary way, and then told him to listen to his teacher reading with full expression one of the Psalms. 'Now,' he said, 'do you read the verses, not imitating me but thinking entirely of the meaning.' The young man did as he was told, and in the middle stopped from emotion at hearing the rich and pregnant sounds as for the first time in his life the organs easily and effortlessly obeyed the promptings of a lively mind. Such is the loss from which unnumbered congregations are suffering, due to the deeply rooted superstition in the public mind that there is no such thing as training a voice in expressiveness but that all the distressing vowel-sounds one hears in nine churches out of ten are implanted by Nature, and incurable. So deeply rooted is the superstition that it very often happens that a zealous lay parishioner offers to read the lessons and expects to continue his service when a new incumbent comes on the scene. Suppose the new-comer has learnt how to read, and finds that his adjutant is wholly untaught and has no inkling of an idea that his utterance conveys no meaning whatever to the congregation, what is he to do? It is more than likely that the most gentle hint will be resented, and a valuable supporter of the local church be alienated.*

There is no sort of doubt that the Bishops could mend matters if they understood where the mischief originates. One well-known voice producer used to say she only got help from one Bishop, who insisted on every batch of ordinands being certificated by her. It was Bishop Russell Wakefield, of Birmingham. Good was done in several cases. One, however, was so bad that the malady demanded surgical treatment. The examiner reported that the ordinand was not fit to be ordained, and I believe the Bishop postponed the ordination for a year, till the treatment was successful. But the relations between the deacon and the examiner were strained. I do not know whether other Bishops insist even now on a certificate.

* The only mitigation of this difficulty is for the parson to take the Old Testament lesson himself, on the ground that (if he is wise enough to do it) he wishes to read or speak a very short preamble, giving the subject of the lesson.

The indifference of the public to another great grievance is even more remarkable. Energetic citizens, eager for knowledge, get up a popular lecture, and if the representative of some society who accepts the invitation has not been to the locality before and been found out a good audience gathers, especially in the big Northern towns. My experience may have been unfortunate; what I have learnt is that many practised lecturers are ignorant not only of the lecturer's first duty, to be in intellectual sympathy with his audience, but are wanting in the rudiments of a good delivery, audibility for more than half of those present, and a voice distressing to those who can hear. Frequently the speaker turns his back on the audience to show some point on the screen, and goes on talking in the same indistinct murmur as if his turning about made no difference. Most of these and other blemishes could be remedied by a little teaching, but at present the public look upon muttering as a natural gift worth cultivating. Further, a large proportion of men over fifty-five are slightly deaf, and become gradually critical of public speakers' audibility. But the speakers should remember that of ordinary audiences gathered to learn about some really serious subject more than half are slightly deaf mentally: that is, when the speaker is difficult to hear or the voice monotonous they cease to listen; nothing would persuade them that the effort is worth while. As to audibility, women are better than men. In conversation they take more pains, but on platforms it is rarely that one hears an unstrained woman's voice, not pitched too high, but is free, spontaneous, and quite fresh after an hour's delivery, as all might be with very little trouble.

It sometimes happens that a frequent public speaker or preacher falls into a mannerism from which, if things go well, he is rescued by his wife: one of the arguments against clerical celibacy. The great preacher F. W. Robertson, at the height of his fame, was walking with a friend in Brighton when they passed a photographer's shop. In the window was a vivid portrait of the preacher in his pulpit, holding his hand out, as if courting inspection, clothed in a yellow kid glove; Robertson looked at it aghast: 'You don't mean to say that I have ever done that.' The friend candidly said it was habitual with him.

Robertson shuddered and said, 'Never again.' Most wives would assuredly have corrected that trick, but instances of a mannerism in a speaker being corrected by any candid friend are very rare. The B.B.C., however, gives hope of a gradual enlightenment of public opinion by exhibiting the startling difference between the trained and nearly all the untrained voices that we hear.

Practical Remedies. During the last forty years some advance has been made, except in the case of singers who can make a livelihood with semi-trained vocal organs if they possess histrionic power and gifts of personality. Since 1900 a great deal of good work has been organised by the London County Council for the help of public speakers who know their own need. I am writing without books, and imagine that something of the same sort is going on in other big cities.*

Members of the clerical profession, in short, constitute the gravest element in the problem before us. The placidity of public opinion on the low standard of education at the lectern and in the pulpit is difficult to explain. It is possibly due to the strong traditional respect for the clergy, which, in spite of serious rebuffs, is still maintained, that the laity shrink from criticism. But against that it is noticeable that they do criticise falsely everything parsonic, even the voice, if it is inaudible, ignorant of the fact that inaudibility is due to more than one cause; and if a parson thinks to cure it by speaking louder he may injure his throat worse than ever. The defect may be of two kinds. There is the speaker whom no one can hear, however intently he listens, and the speaker whom nobody can listen to for more than two minutes because his tone is distressing or monotonous, both defects being due to want of training. If it is asked what does an audience do when it ceases to listen, the answer is to hand in the East Anglian rustic's reply to a visitor who inquired if he liked sermons long or short. 'Well, y'see, I likes to 'ear 'im agoin' on when I wakes up.'

A beginning may be made by the Bishops noticing the

* The L.C.C. is ready to give useful information on work already being done, and from that work the possibilities of establishing a body of certificated teachers may be explored. The teacher to whom I owe such knowledge of the subject as I possess is Mr Cortlandt Macmahon, 54 Wimpole Street, London, W.

faulty utterances of the speakers at diocesan conferences or of those parsons who fail to do anything like justice to the Second Isaiah ; or, more difficult, to those passages in the Fourth Gospel where hostile animadversions greet the divine monologue. The commonest fault of all is monotony, or what is called the pulpit-voice. The opposite is the voice which responds to the mind's promptings : that is, the expressive voice, very rarely heard without previous training. A few cases of a man being turned down for refusing to take a few lessons would clear the air.

This brings us to the practical question. Granting that there are efficient teachers in London it is not possible to expect impecunious ordinands to face the expense of a journey to some distant place which may offer the service of a teacher of uncertain qualifications. It is all very well for the theological colleges to promise efficient teaching. They have done that nominally for some years ; but during that time very little improvement, if any, has been noticeable in the younger men, and it seems probable that more time is required than can be spared from the 'weightier matters of the law.' Yet it is pretty certain that one or two first-rate lessons of forty minutes each would, with a little cooperation on the part of the patient, set him on the right lines for life. The great difficulty is that up to the present there is no available guarantee of the efficiency of any teacher who may offer his service. At the end of the last century if there was anything more remarkable than the paucity of voice trainers it was the scantiness of the demand. The latter defect will not be fully remedied for two or three generations at the earliest ; calculating, that is, on the present eagerness for social reform remaining permanent for about sixty years at least.

In another two or three generations there may be sufficient demand among the younger clergy and lecturers and public speakers generally to enable a thoroughly voice-qualified trainer in each county and county borough to make a livelihood.

The essential condition for the attainment of this end is the awakening of a sound opinion on what is really a grievous national scandal.

EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Art. 8.—THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.

1. *The Life and Work of Captain A. T. Mahan.* By Capt. W. D. Puleston, U.S.N. New Haven, 1939.
2. *The Ocean in English History.* By J. A. Williamson. Oxford University Press, 1941.
3. *The Royal Navy at War.* By Vice-Admiral J. E. T. Harper. Murray, 1941.
4. *The Battle of the Seas.* By Sir Archibald Hurd. Hodder and Stoughton, 1941.

It is a strange, ironic, and happy fact that it was an American sea-officer who first woke us to the fact that maritime power rested upon basic principles. These, when he wrote, could be applied to the whole of known history, and in essentials have altered little, and then mainly tactically, from age to age. When Mahan published his first major work, American sea-power was moribund, and no menace from Japan was yet in sight. He lived to discuss questions of strategy with Mr Winston Churchill during his first period as First Lord of the Admiralty. The suspicion is allowable that even to-day Mahan is more quoted than read, though an easier historian to enjoy and digest seldom lived. Perhaps the truth is that, in countries to which sea-power is a necessity, his lessons are taken for granted. Those to which it is impossible or inessential are not interested, since it is apparent that its silent pressure is a matter about which they can do little. It is in the halfway houses that the principles seem most often to have been debated, and sometimes improperly digested. At the present time there are, it may be argued, three major sea Powers, Britain, America, and Japan, and four halfway houses, Russia, Germany, France, and Italy. In each and every case geography has decided the issue, and this makes the ambiguous attitude of Vichy France explicable. When Hitler, at the opening of the war against America, spoke of Japan as a 'world-power,' what he meant was a 'sea-power,' since they are synonymous. It is unfortunately true, as Ribbentrop once said in public, that German and Japanese statesmen 'speak the same language'—that of piracy; but of Japan's sea-power there is no

question. Such power should always have been France's. As it is, she exemplifies Bunyan's Mr Facing-both-Ways.

The history of the French Navy is consistent, as is very well revealed in at least two of Mahan's books. With coasts on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and with possessions scattered over the world, she has long had the choice of looking outwards (seawards), or eastwards, towards the land-mass of the Continent, whence the wind has always blown her tales of danger and glory. Throughout history, although with rare and brilliant lapses, she has looked, designed, and feared eastward, sparing for her navy only a second place. Until the unhappy Darlan, she has been guided chiefly by landsmen and soldiers. In Mahan's sense of the word, her ships have been used for 'military' ends.

While no British soldier has the slightest chance of forgetting his dependence on the Royal Navy, since it directs his transport everywhere abroad, the French attitude is so different that it was possible in the last war for Joffre to hold that British sea-power was not worth a bayonet to the French, and for Pétain to say, at the time of the armistice of 1940, that although Britain had never lost command of the sea, the effect and pace of blockade had been overestimated, and that for this and other reasons France was irretrievably lost. These statements were strange only in the depth of their pessimism. They express a masochistic attitude often found in recent utterances. French politicians have seemed almost to revel in their defeat.

Like his military leader, Darlan, an admiral who in his youth at least must have given some thought to the lessons of sea-power, so brought his weight to bear in favour of the land as to believe in Britain's ultimate defeat, and, indeed, he seemed to work for that end. Clearly he had subscribed to the belief that neither land-nor sea-power alone could prevail against one or the other in combination with air superiority. Even had he been right, he had only to recall that Britain, in the Battle of France, was able single-handed, and at that early stage of the war, to provide an offensive air force, which she wielded with good effect. He showed no signs, later, of having learnt anything at all from the result of the Battle of Britain, and—at any rate up to the entry of America

upon the stage—he resolutely turned his blue coat away from the sea. He preferred collaboration with and submission to the most powerful land-power of the Continent.

Ultimately, the most fatal disservice France did to the cause of democracy was not in resistance in Syria or Dakar but in giving away Indo-China to Japan. 'Direful necessity' no doubt it seemed at the time, but it resulted directly from the choice made by France's nominal rulers at the time of the armistice. Had she accepted world-battle after defeat at home, it is probable that by this time Italy would no longer have a fleet, and that all outlying territories would have been successfully defended. Japanese aggression would have had a far harder task, and an attack on Pearl Harbour, if such had ever been made, would have been an act less of reasoned courage than of foolishness. But France, whenever the choice has arisen between land and sea, has seldom had the slightest hesitation in choosing the land. She has always bred good seamen, but as a rule they do not make their mark in the corridors of Paris Ministries. Her children throughout the world have been taught to look to Europe, to the centre, for protection and policy rather than to provide local strength for their own defence, except in the case of favoured possessions in North Africa. In questions of sea-power, both the Dutch and the Greeks have shown far keener insight. The Greeks electrified our Staff during the Balkan campaign by saying that they realised that their own was but part of a far wider strategical conflict; while the Dutch, with one of the most glorious sea histories in the world, which they are nobly maintaining, for years kept an up-to-date, independent, and efficient naval force in the East Indies, including well-designed cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. They have made more use of the teaching of history than most nations.

One of Mahan's most reiterated strictures is the necessity for concentration, for, in effect, singleness of purpose. Although he applied the lesson chiefly to physical sea-warfare, to the destruction of the enemy's main forces, the truth runs deeper than that, and into the very marrow of national policy. France, it must be repeated, had a choice. After 1870, Bismarck would have liked her to face seawards. Bent on revenge, she

preferred the traditional French orientation, though she compromised by maintaining the second fleet in Europe. In the last war she played her sea part adequately, though she never experienced a fleet action; and up to the time of the late armistice she proved that she still could handle ships. But her fleet provided a curious spectacle. Hers was, it seemed, something of a prestige navy. French engineers have a high reputation, and French ship design has always been bold and sometimes remarkable. More than once we have learnt from them. France had, in 1939, two well-designed capital ships in the *Dunkerque* and the *Strasbourg*, some still larger ones building; at least one modern aircraft-carrier, the *Béarn*; some heavy cruisers, of which the *Algérie* was perhaps the best known, and a considerable force of destroyers, submarines, and lighter craft. This was, indeed, on paper so good a navy that, properly directed, and in alliance with Britain, it should have proved equal to that world task which for a whole year we were forced to sustain alone. Some units, to their honour, took temporary leave of their country to side with us. Some were interned. Some were destroyed—another 'direful necessity' carried out in the same stern and melancholy spirit in which Nelson attacked the Danes; and the French Navy gave place in an hour from being a proud arm backed by great traditions to being a card held, together with the overseas bases, in the greasy palms of politicians.

France (like Italy) still has a fleet, and only the unwary, at this stage of the war, would underestimate any weapon not in our own use; but a fleet in being is a passive power if strictly confined in its operations, and cannot easily play a major part in victory. France's sea traditions have seldom proved strong enough, and never less so than to-day, though it would be churlish to forget what she did in the early part of the war, and the submarines, few though dangerous, she sent to the bottom. Yet whatever the outcome of the struggle for her, the first Admiral of France for generations is likely to be the last. She will not easily forget the one occasion in which an admiral played a lead on her political stage. It is likely to put her navy in the future more firmly than ever within a limited sphere. For her, the question of choice may not again arise.

Even in Munich days, Britain looked to France chiefly for land strength. When we began to re-arm, the immemorial urge of our race allocated appropriations first to the Royal Navy. The instinct was sound and the action timely, whatever the advocates of 'pure' air-power might say. Nothing then or since has stultified the old adage that the Navy is England's 'sure shield,' the arm without which she must be defeated, at once and for ever. It was not a moment too soon that she began her new programme, and no scale of building and reconstruction could have been too big. Jolts are valuable things in a democracy, and just as America was stirred as with a clarion by the Pearl Harbour attack, so did Italy perform a similar service to Great Britain in her campaign against Abyssinia. She fully roused the public to the conditions of the Navy in the event of a sudden crisis; she showed us the difficulties of future warfare in the Mediterranean, and it was Italy's air arm—now obsolescent—which pointed the moral, beyond doubt, first that sanctions could not at the time have been backed by effective force, and further, that without strong air backing, the work of the Navy in confined waters was hampered, and might be crippled. They were facts worth learning, even at the expense of great shame, and Italy knows that they have been digested.

Comprehensive as was the naval rearmament programme as originally planned, the Navy started the war with an enormous number of old ships of every type. Her first big losses, the *Royal Oak* and the *Courageous*, were vessels laid down early in the last war. The three battle cruisers, *Hood*, *Renown*, and *Repulse*, were children of Fisher's brain, while of the cruisers, whole classes, the C's and the D's, belonged to the earlier struggle. Nobly have they done, but it cannot be considered to the advantage of any fleet that so much of its tonnage is over-age. It is asking much of ship's companies to face modern navies in veteran ships. Our record in the Mediterranean since June 1940, indeed, shows that to-day, as in every age since Elizabeth, the British seaman goes into action, not with ships and guns alone, but with a tradition of victory beside which that of the German Army is puny. For maintaining and fortifying this, the name of Cunningham must inevitably take rank with

Hawke and Hood, with Collingwood and Anson, in the pages of future histories. The war has indeed taught us much of paper navies and shown in what manner older, salt-caked, weather-beaten ships can keep the seas. But the price of Admiralty has never been cheap. Casualties in men-of-war both old and new have been heavy and persistent throughout, though age has proved to have little to do with efficiency. Again and again have we been told of wholly unpredictable feats of steaming.

Besides the major transformation brought about by the necessity for air-power at sea, there is another essential difference between the last naval war and this: it lies in the nature of the capital ship. Costs and maintenance have increased so enormously that one battleship to-day represents at least a squadron of former times. It has made those we possess all the more valuable, their loss the more keenly felt. There are no old colossi to be used, at a pinch, in hazardous operations; as at the Dardanelles. The relative value of the battleship will be debated in the future, as it has so often been in the past; but the important fact is that its absolute value is the same as that of a king in chess. You cannot play without the king; and if it is argued that he should be discarded in favour of a lighter or more nimble piece, then it is essential that every player should agree, simultaneously, to his displacement. No nation—not even Germany—is now in a position to imply that the modern battleship is unsinkable, though her designers can plan ships, as they did earlier in the century, able to stand up to appalling punishment. Yet when it comes to action it is little help to morale for men to know that, faced with overwhelming odds, a ship will only survive to be a battered wreck.

The fact that many of our own capital ships, to say nothing of smaller vessels, are survivors from the last war, shows in a graphic way how little, compared with developments in aeroplanes and tanks, ships have changed, except in detail, vital though this is. Survivals from Jutland, modernised and rebuilt it is true, take their place in line-of-battle over a quarter of a century later. The same monitor bombards the Italians that plastered the Germans in the last war. Some crack submarines of an earlier time are the training-craft of to-day.

It is perhaps in submarines more than in any other class

that a paper navy shows itself to be such. The Italians, besides their fast new surface ships, had at the opening of the war an impressive number of U-boats, with which they made much play at the time of Hitler's state visit. On the face of it, these craft should have made the Mediterranean quite untenable for the British, if unsupported by allies. Instead, in a little over a year, it was our own undersea craft which were reported as dominating the Italian convoy routes; yet on paper Britain had, before the war, a smaller submarine force than any maritime power, and we have announced many losses since. More than this, German U-boats have now been reported as operating in Italian waters: a sorry reflection on their partners. This is said in no easy depreciation of the Italian Navy. To cheapen the opposition is a poor compliment to the men who have faced it so stoutly for so long, and without the advantage of numbers. Indeed, one of the first steps in dealing with an enemy is surely to take his full measure, and never to lose sight of it. That is the reason why, in spite of apparent weaknesses, naval policy has always kept the main enemy in view, and has refused to be diverted to secondary objectives.

As with submarines, so with E-boats—fast motor craft which are nothing new in sea warfare. After Dunkirk, Admiral Raeder foretold the annihilation of British coastal traffic by packs of such ships. They have, it is true, taken some toll. But the convoys continue, and our own craft and other counter measures have so far proved fully adequate. They have been well supported by the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Free French, the Poles, whose small but effective forces have done so much in exile to sustain national fortitude. How it would have pleased Joseph Conrad, master mariner, to see the gallant Poles at sea beside the Royal Navy, to see before his eyes the uprising of a new naval tradition, far from the Baltic!

A glance at a world map shows that there are three main strategic spheres. There is the northern war, directed against Germany, protecting our convoys to Russia and our life-line across the Atlantic. There is the war of the Middle Sea, aimed at keeping Italy in check; and there is that in the Far East. At the time of Abyssinia it seemed doubtful if the Royal Navy could hope to hold its own in the Mediterranean. A mere four years later,

the acid test of experience had shown that not only could she do so, but that she could keep her main sea-routes open in the northern battle as well, and this despite an immense number of European bases and shipbuilding yards fallen to the enemy. She had done the impossible—on paper: a feat of which, throughout history, she has often shown herself capable. It was an allowable risk, therefore, to suppose that by sending the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* to Singapore, Britain could play an immediate part in the sea war of the Far East. Mr Churchill spoke of the loss of these two ships as the most serious blow in all his experience. It is probable that had a single aircraft-carrier been available, even one of the older vessels such as the *Hermes* or the *Eagle*, there would have been a different story. But the whole truth of this episode perhaps cannot be known until after the war. Risks are always necessary. When they come off there is triumph; when they fail, there is disappointment.

In the Far East, paper could have told us more than usual. Japan has always had a large navy, modelled originally on British lines, some of her oldest ships actually built in British yards. Moreover—and this is greatly important—she was the only naval power—Britain and Germany excepted—to have had experience of a modern fleet action. She had defeated a Russian high seas force early in the century, besides which, units had taken an active part in the war at sea in 1914–1918. An island people, fanatic patriots, seafarers for centuries, the Japanese Navy was on paper well equipped in every way. Moreover its full strength was a closely guarded secret; Japan enjoyed facilities for concealing armed might enjoyed by every totalitarian country. As no one knew her strength and everyone her history, the wise attitude would have been extreme caution. The Dutch, acutely aware of this, acted accordingly. They had no illusions, even though their naval capacity was necessarily limited. They, the French in Indo-China, the Americans and ourselves, were originally a reasonable combination against Japan in the Pacific. With the defection of the French and the handing over to the Japanese of priceless bases, the whole fabric crumbled, and the diversion of important American forces into the Atlantic tipped the balance of naval power clean against the Democracies.

Even had the whole might of the American Navy been at Hawaii, the fall of Indo-China must still have been decisive to an attack on Burma, Malay, and beyond. The feeble French have much to answer for outside Europe, and Marshal Pétain, although impressed by American resources, did much to render them less useful, and to protract and extend the war. His country is bound to suffer for it. One of the many lessons which the world will forget to its peril is that outlying possessions must be adequately protected by sea and air, or they will become an asset to the first determined enemy.

Free expression of opinion has seldom been used to less good purpose by the Democracies than in underestimating Japan. This 'writing down' has usually taken two forms: the first was to say that they were an imitative people and therefore second rate; the second, that the defeat of Germany would automatically imply their quick fall. Neither of these suppositions has much to support it. The Romans were imitative; and one glance at the lines of Japanese men-of-war tells a sailor that they are well designed and full of possibility when handled, as they have always been, by seamen whose professional standards are high. Their airmen showed, in a few dramatic weeks, the futility of the average aeronautical 'forecasts' and 'estimates.' Only once have experts overestimated their opponents. That was in the case of Italy, and it was a mistake they were quick to rectify.

As for a speedy collapse on the part of Japan, it is salutary to remember that island powers, situated in bracing climates, are tough and strong. We are one ourselves. Japan has fought in China for years, without tiring, and with immense territorial gain. She has since made a lightning conquest of some of the richest land in the world, land she has coveted all through her history. She seeks, as always, warmth and oil. Her people are patriotically inspired in a way only known to the Nazi. Victory, when it comes, must be total—by land, sea, and air. It is as hard to imagine that it will be easy as that it will be swift, although, since to the prophet and the professed critic alike this war has proved a graveyard of reputation, the most overwhelming surprises may yet be to come.

In the meanwhile, in other seas than those of China, the maritime struggle continues. Admiralty is maintained, supplies are garnered, but at a price which, although Britain has always paid it, is felt in the heart of many a man and woman whose kin have gone down to the sea and have never returned. Empires and freedom are hardly won and hardly kept. They are sustained by armed might on the sea, supported by the power of aircraft. So far, the Royal Navy has added gloriously to its own high traditions. It is for Anglo-Saxon combination to restore the rule of law and the freedom of the seas over the entire world. It has much to learn. Sometimes it may have seemed that the principles of strategy have been defied by our enemies to such purpose as to overthrow them. It is too soon to say. What we do know is that the American Navy, like our own, has doughty traditions. It will add to them in the stern struggle which lies ahead, when the Two-Ocean-Navy now forming is in full being.

MARTIN WILSON.

Art. 9.—THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

I WAS first elected to the House of Commons, when twenty-one years old, at a bye-election on Nov. 11, 1904, as Member for the Horsham or North-Western Division of Sussex. I have sat for the same constituency ever since, though its boundaries were changed in the Redistribution Act of 1918, and it is now the Horsham and Worthing Division.

Amongst Members of the present House of Commons, only Mr Lloyd George, the 'Father of the House,' has a longer record of continuous service than I have. Three or four Members, including the Speaker, the Prime Minister, and Colonel Gretton, entered the House at an earlier date than I did, but they have been 'out' for varying periods, as a result of the loss of their seats at bye-elections. I am thus the Deputy 'Father of the House,' as I was once its 'Baby.' I have sat in eleven Parliaments, and been a Minister in four Governments.

Though it may seem egoistic to mention all these facts, I give them as evidence of the width and breadth, at least, of the experience which I have had of the subject with which I am about to deal.

Most writers of reminiscences are *laudatores temporis acti* for this reason. They have finished, or are about to finish, their life's task in the service of Church, State, or business. Now, very few people really like retirement—either in prospect or in actuality. To a normal person it is not pleasant to think that, in their own opinion, or that of the world, or their profession, they have reached a point in the journey of life when their vocational qualities are so corroded with the rust of age that they must be scrapped in favour of those of younger men or women. So they try to soften the blow and put balm on the sore of their pride by asserting that the world, or their country, or the profession, or calling, which they are about to leave, is not what it was.

Of all the clichés which annoy me, I can think of none worse than the phrase, 'Well, I am glad to be getting out of it. I am afraid the day of a job like mine in — is over.'

I have heard this said of every form of human enterprise and endeavour, both frivolous and serious, important

and unimportant, by those about to quit it because of age or infirmity.

I do not come into such a category. I am still twelve months short of sixty, and if the twin blessings of good health and the support of my constituents continue to be vouchsafed to me, I propose to sit in the Commons House of Parliament for some years yet.

I am convinced that, never in its history, has that House been more important to the public weal than it is at present. For reasons which I shall give later, it has a better personnel than in the days when first I entered it. Nor do I think that it has lost ground in repute and public regard. Rather, as I shall show, it is the other way about.

This article does not profess to deal with the political history of the last thirty-seven years. It would, indeed, take several volumes to do that. But it is impossible to describe an institution apart from the manner in which it exercises its functions.

The most striking feature of the period in question is the fact that, despite the intervention of the two most terrible wars in which we have ever been engaged, there has been a progressive improvement, unmatched in any previous era of similar length, in the physical condition of the mass of the people. Judged by such factors as the betterment in manners and decline in drunkenness, there has also been improvement of a moral character. It is a great satisfaction to one who has been so long in the House of Commons to know that this is so, for by far the biggest factor in this progress has been the social legislation enacted by Parliament.

It is regrettable that more attention has not been devoted to this matter, because it forms a bright and verdant island in the ugly grey tossing sea of wickedness, misery, and folly which has characterised international relationships in the same period.

Most 'Leftist' writers ignore these facts because they do not help their case for a social revolution of a different kind. They are entitled to advocate that in which they believe, but not at the expense of accuracy in sociological study.

Many religious leaders too, in their sermons and writings, put an interpretation of a depressing kind upon this progress.

'Almost purely material' they say.

It is true that the period under review coincides with a greater decline in church attendance than has been seen in this land since the eighteenth century, after compulsory attendance was abolished in fact, if not in name.

The two declensions are probably partly attributable to the same fundamental cause—the excessive religiosity of the previous age, which caused a corresponding reaction. It is true, too, that the hold of mere dogma and doctrine upon the general public is getting progressively less. But the spirit of practical Christianity, the implementation of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, are far greater than at the beginning of the century. This is seen in a score or more of ways.

There is greater tolerance in controversy, a much higher sense of individual and corporate responsibility for the 'under-dog,' a fiercer resentment against the evils of bad housing and unemployment, a greater gentleness of manners, and condemnation of violence and drunkenness, a determination to try and destroy the root causes of such evils as tuberculosis and syphilis, and not politely to ignore them as did the Victorians. In fact no two diseases have shown such a gratifying decline of incidence as these since 1900. In this fact alone lies great hope for the eugenic future of our race.

The churches are, of course, right to deplore the decrease of support for institutional religion, but wrong to be heedless of the other factors which I have mentioned, and which support with enormous strength the whole fabric of Christian teaching in mundane matters.

'The Social Survey of Liverpool,' Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's 1941 edition of 'Poverty and Progress,' and several similar works, present a picture of upward movement which cannot be gainsaid. It is because the British community of this era is better educated, in the widest sense, better housed, and better fed, than ever before that it withstood the terrific moral and physical assault upon our land in 1940 more courageously than did its predecessors when faced with much lesser dangers in the past.

One result and evidence of this great social change is striking. If you travelled in a third-class carriage in the early 1900's, the people looked, behaved, were dressed,

and to put it crudely, *smell* quite differently from those in the first or second class. To-day, there is no such discernible difference to be noticed between the first and third-class passengers on any railway.

We were, even before the present war accelerated the process, a far more closely knit community than thirty years earlier. To all this the social legislation of that period has contributed enormously.

But that legislation would have been difficult, if not impossible, unless the legislature had changed its methods and, to a considerable extent, its personnel.

The Parliament Act, the disappearance of the Irish Nationalist Party, the growth of the Labour Party, the increase of recruitment to the House of Lords of men of varying experience, entirely different from that of the old hereditary nobility, the acceptance by Parliament that the public, in this strenuous age, demands action of a definitive kind, and not merely lengthy debates on matters of abstract principle, have all contributed to this result.

Neither the House of Commons, nor the electors, would tolerate to-day the lengthy and leisurely proceedings of the old days on Bills in Parliament.

Even if the introduction of the Closure, about which I shall have something to say later, had not been necessitated by the obstruction of the Irish Nationalist Members, modern public opinion would have demanded it.

Not long before Lord Balfour's death, I was at a dinner party, at which he was the principal guest. Our hostess said to him, rather sententiously, 'It must have been wonderful, Lord Balfour, when you first got into the House to have heard the historic duels of Gladstone and Disraeli across the table.' 'A.J.B.' looked at her with that searching quizzical gaze of his, and replied, 'Sometimes, yes, perhaps; but my principal recollection is that between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m., when I should have preferred to be in bed, I had to sit and listen to interminably long and often intolerably boring speeches by two old gentlemen, trying to find points of difference on some question which was, in any event, of no fundamental importance.'

I am sure that this was no piece of Balfourian cynicism, but represented what was felt by most young men of spirit who entered Parliament just before the end of the Gladstone-Disraeli era. They wanted the House to hurry

through the jungle of verbiage, rhetoric, and rotund phrase, and come to the open savannah of action. 'Dizzy' himself would have agreed with them. He was ahead of his time.

This greater rapidity of action, which opinion both within and without Parliament has demanded and obtained, from the House of Commons during the last two generations, would have been impossible without the creation of the Closure.

It was actually made a part of our procedure, because it was the only effective method of combating the avowed intention and grim determination of the Irish Nationalist Party to paralyse Parliament.

But, in any case, something of the kind, though in a modified form perhaps, would have been required to speed up the machinery of debate. The old go-as-you-please method of discussing a subject, without any assigned limit of time, was out of date.

To set forth the method and effect of the Closure in any detail would require a volume in itself. Nor am I, although, in recent years, I have acquired a spurious reputation amongst my colleagues as an expert upon procedure, as well qualified to write about it as are many other Members, and past and present officials of the House.

As most readers of the 'Quarterly' will be aware, there are two forms of Closure. The first is the ordinary Closure, by which it is open to any Minister or any Member, at any time during a Debate, to move 'That the Question be now put.' The discretion as to whether or not this shall be put to the House rests solely with the Speaker, or Chairman if the House is in Committee.

The second is the Closure by compartment. In this case the Government puts a Motion upon the Paper which is, in due course, debated, allocating the time to be given to each stage of a Bill—so many days or hours for the Second Reading, for the various Clauses in Committee, and on Report, and for the Third Reading.

Of the first method it can be said that the discretion vested in the Chair is almost invariably exercised with circumspection and scrupulous fairness, and perhaps only once in a decade does it appear upon the surface, at any rate, that Cæsar was nodding.

In theory the second form of Closure is more objectionable, since the Chair has no say in the matter, and a Government with a reasonably large majority can impose by it any time-table upon the House which it likes in the case of any Bill.

In practice its powers are limited by the sense of fair-play inherent in any body of Britons, and by the fact that a minority, however small, which considers that it has been badly treated, can revenge itself upon the Government in all sorts of ways in other directions.

It can, for example, raise controversial topics every day upon the Motion for the Adjournment, and hold up business in such a way as to force the Administration to move the Closure so frequently as to damage its own reputation.

It can also create disorder on all and every occasion. Some, or all, of such methods have been used in the past, but the necessity for them and the exercise of them are progressively decreasing.

Usually, after angry protests by the Opposition on a Motion for Closure by compartments, there are discussions in private between the Government and the Opposition, which lead to some alteration of the proposed allocation of time in order to meet the wishes of the opponents of the measure to be discussed.

It is, of course, the case that this form of Closure does prevent, on occasions, proper debate upon a particular proposal in a Bill, and the consideration of some aspect of the principle involved.

It may account for some 'slipshod legislation,' to quote the phrase beloved by critics of Parliament, though I fear that, as often as not, this unfortunate state of affairs is due to some form of words insisted upon by Parliament itself in the course of discussion and not to the original sin of the draftsman.

Generally speaking, no good Parliamentary man is an advocate of Closure by compartments if it can be avoided; voluntary agreement to give neither less nor more time to any particular measure than the circumstances necessitate is far better. Nevertheless, on the whole, proceedings under it are not harmful to Parliament and the nation, provided that it is regarded as an occasional dose and not as a permanent drug.

The departure of the Irish Nationalist Members from the House, as a result of the Irish Treaty, was a great loss to it in one respect, though a gain in others.

The proportion of men amongst them who were real orators, able to 'hold the House,' even when speaking on some unimportant matter, was greater than in that of any other Party at any time in the history of the House of Commons.

The best of them, such as Tim Healy, for example, were equal in wit, humour, and eloquence, to the greatest giants of the past or present—Disraeli, Gladstone, Lloyd George, or Churchill.

They were magnificent debaters, and could play on the feelings of the House, making it furious, or enthusiastic, or sentimental, or roar with laughter, as the occasion demanded.

Many were men of great personal charm who, despite their bitter hatred of England and the English, were very popular as individuals.

Maxton, with his wit, eloquence, personal popularity, waywardness, and sustained opposition to every Government in office, approaches nearest to them amongst present Members of the House. Indeed, his speech on the Speaker's Golden Wedding Day brought him, on that occasion, up to their level. But in this, as in other respects, he is an exception—*sui generis*.

The House of Commons therefore lost much in Celtic fire and Attic salt when the Irish Nationalist Party disappeared from Westminster, but it gained much also both in public esteem and its own self-respect.

At one time four of my Hamilton uncles were in the House of Commons simultaneously. Incidentally, this was a record for any family. All of them have told me how greatly the conduct of the Irish Nationalists in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century damaged the reputation of Parliament, and jammed its machinery, until action was taken to restore its efficiency by the establishment of the Closure.

The Irish Nationalists were the only Party or group whose Members have been elected to the House of Commons, pledged to do their best to pour ridicule upon it as an institution, smash its procedure, and destroy its usefulness.

The fact that they tried to do all this as a means of forcing Parliament and the Nation to grant their demand for Home Rule for their own country, may be held by some to be a justification for their attitude and action. In fact, they set an evil example for all other persons in the British Empire who, though affecting not to be revolutionaries in the sense of promoting or supporting armed revolt are, nevertheless, prepared to try to obtain a Constitutional change by rendering the existing Constitution unworkable.

Amongst those who have copied the methods of the Irish Nationalist Party were the militant suffragists and in recent years the Indian Congress.

Since the last war we have had many Members of extreme political views in the House of Commons. However, with a few individual exceptions, they have, in contrast to the Irish Nationalists, been anxious to press their policies and points of view within the framework of the Constitution.

True, many of them have been violent and turbulent in Debate, unfair to their opponents by constantly interrupting them, and intolerant of much of the whole apparatus of 'Standing Orders' and Rules of the House. But, unlike the Nationalists, they have not deliberately tried to smash the whole machinery of Parliament with a crowbar.

Their point of view has been that the legislature needs to improve its personnel and gear-up its methods of doing business, so as the better to promote the complete social changes which they advocate. The Nationalists, on the other hand, said, 'The way to deal with the Mother of Parliaments is to ridicule her, insult her, defy her, and eventually, by such means, to destroy her.'

They undertook this task which, undoubtedly, they believed to be in the interests of their country, with the more zest, because of their racial hatred of the English. They really did hate us, not as individuals but as a nation.

The average British Member of Parliament of those days, completely unconscious, like the rest of his fellow-countrymen, of the fearful anger and loathing produced by racialism in many parts of the world, but absent, except in its mildest and least reprehensible form amongst

the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh, was puzzled by this hatred.

In the same way his successor cannot understand the attitude of the Eire Government towards us in this war. Yet both spring from a common source which is inexhaustible and inextinguishable, notwithstanding the fact that in this war, as in every crisis of our history, thousands of individual Southern Irishmen have, most gallantly, sacrificed their lives for us ; just as thousands of others have worked for our country in positions of responsibility in time of peace.

Every Member of the official Irish Nationalist Party—there were one or two small groups of dissidents, like the O'Brienites, the followers of Mr William O'Brien—was pledged to obey the orders of his Leader and the Party as a whole ; and the majority not only had their election expenses paid, but received some kind of salary or allowance from Party funds. This, of course, increased their power as a unit of saboteurs.

Nevertheless, they were an attractive lot of political brigands. After a quarter of a century I can still see them clearly in my mind's eye occupying the three Upper Benches below the gangway on the Opposition side. John Redmond, with his noble Roman-like head ; Willie Redmond, who died gallantly in France during the last War ; Tim Healy, the greatest orator of them all ; the melancholy Dillon ; the formidable and bitter William O'Brien ; the irrepressible Jerry McVeagh, and the aggressive, but lovable, Swift McNeill. McNeill, because of his supposed simian appearance, was known, behind his back in the Lobbies, as 'Pongo,' which was the name of a celebrated performing ape of the day. When, which was frequently the case, he was in trouble with the Chair, or having 'words' with another Member, there were audible cries from our Benches of 'Order Pongo,' or 'Chain, chain, Pongo,' which were tactfully ignored by the Speaker. This rather childish form of wit would not be well regarded in the more serious-minded assembly of to-day, but it amused the House of those days. The rise of the Labour Party has contributed to this change of outlook.

The Parliamentary Labour Party resembles that of the Irish Nationalist Party in its rigidity of insistence upon the voting allegiance of its Members. Further, it

always includes a number whose election expenses are paid from Party or trades union funds. But although, in these respects, the Parliamentary Labour Party is a tied Party, its individual Members possess a much larger degree of liberty of action than did those of the Nationalist Party.

John Redmond was an autocrat presiding over a number of his nominal colleagues, but actually subservient subordinates, all imbued with an *idée fixe*—that Home Rule could be obtained by threatening and intimidating other Parties and Parliament as a whole. They were interested in this and in nothing else.

The Parliamentary Labour Party can, and does, criticise its Leader. They can reverse his decisions. Its Members include men and women of all types of 'Leftist' opinion; from the extremists, whose views are really indistinguishable from those of Communists—much as they may repudiate the allegation—to mild Mid-Victorian Radicals.

The average age of the Members is high, because trades union representatives amongst them are usually men who, after years of struggle, have reached a place of importance in their union in late middle life. They are, for the most part, men of fine character who, although they resent being told so, as a rule are very Conservative in the widest sense of the word.

The rest of the Party consists of men of all types, a very considerable proportion of whom have been brought up in a poor home, in a purely material sense, but who, by their own efforts, initiative, native intelligence, and integrity, have raised themselves to positions of responsibility, and have attained through scholarships or continuation schools a high level of education.

The Labour Movement was, in its earlier Parliamentary days, essentially a class Party, in the sense that it displayed anger and animosity against those from whom it differed, as much on grounds of personal standing, occupation (or lack of it), and environment, as on political grounds. Its Members mingled little outside the Chamber, in a social sense, with Members of other Parties. They seldom entered the Smoking Room, and occupied exclusively a certain part of the Library, where they wrote letters, read, worked, and talked amongst themselves.

But all this has greatly changed since the formation of the first Labour Government, and by the efflux of time. I hesitate to use the term 'mellowed,' when referring to them, because, coming from an old Tory like myself, it might be considered to be a wounding one. I prefer to say that the Labour Party, strongly as I differ from its peace-time policies, has now become an essential and beneficial part of the integrated and connected elements which make up our present Parliamentary system.

Many of its adherents in the country believe that it is insufficiently revolutionary in its outlook. The answer to them is that there has always been, and probably always will be, a big gap between the British and Continental conceptions of what is practicable in Socialism, and other projects for human advancement.

Evidence of this is given by the continued weakness of the Communist Party for nearly a generation. The fact that the Labour Movement contains a large proportion of earnest hard-working men and women who have made their own way, unaided, through the world, has invigorated the House of Commons.

What of the Conservative and Liberal Parties? Let me first deal with the composition of those two Parties in the 1900 Parliament, when I first entered the House of Commons, and compare it with their Memberships of to-day.

There were, in that House, a number of young men, including one of outstanding brilliance, in the shape of the present Prime Minister, who had fought in the South African War, or travelled widely, with a view to improving their knowledge of world politics and affairs. But the majority of those two Parties seemed to consist, at any rate to my youthful, and possibly prejudiced, eye, of middle-aged or elderly, country-gentlemen, lawyers, and business-men.

The country-gentlemen then, as now, were useful Members of the House, with no pretensions to possession of great intellectual gifts, or debating ability. Some of the lawyers were good, others bad; all were ambitious, politically, legally, or socially, for otherwise they would not have undertaken the task of representing electors, as well as practising in the courts.

Since, in those days, the House normally rose at

midnight, and often much later, the physical strain on a busy barrister, due to appear in court next morning at eleven, was considerable.

The business men were of a type which could properly be called Victorian. Although they had a reasonable solicitude for the interests of their electors who, in those days be it remembered, seldom exceeded 10,000, and were frequently as few as 2,000, their main preoccupation was with the fortunes of the counting-house.

They differed as to how that fortune could best be promoted by Conservatism, Liberalism, Free Trade, or Protection; support for, or opposition to, the South African War; but money was the factor which mattered.

Although some of them had gone to the City via Eton or Harrow, and Oxford or Cambridge, while others had—starting from the bottom—founded a business and made a fortune in Manchester or Birmingham, nearly all had lived in a narrow environment. Few had travelled, save to France or Germany, for an annual cure or holiday. They knew no foreigners, except waiters, and their doctors, and they could speak no foreign language. They were completely and profoundly indifferent to the emerging factors which were so vitally to affect their own lives or those of their sons and grandsons. Yet it did not require much foresight to see the significance of the birth of the Socialist Party, and the appearance on the political scene of men like Keir Hardie, the sudden and belligerent emergence of Japan as a world power, and the mutterings and threatenings, accompanied by all the apparatus of Imperialism and economic nationalism, which were emanating from the Kaiser's Germany. The 1906 Election, which was, in every respect, a political bouleversement, swept most of them out of the House and opened the eyes of those who remained in it.

I think that the personnel of the two older Parties to-day compares very favourably with that of forty years ago. For one thing, partly as a result of the last war and partly because of the greatly increased facilities for rapid travel, a much larger number have visited other countries, and have a real and, in many cases, a specialised knowledge of conditions in them than had their predecessors in the 1900 House.

In every Parliament, from 1918 onwards, the propor-

tion of ex-Servicemen has been large. The House of Commons—although, as a body, it has never shown much appreciation of the fact—has reason to be proud of the record of its ex-Service Members as front-line fighters in the 1914–18 War. They were certainly not the least gallant of their generation. In the same way we older Members can honour and admire the standard set by our colleagues who are serving in the Forces in the present conflict. The proportion of them who have lost their lives is by no means inconsiderable.

The presence of so large a body of ex-Service and serving Members has to be considered in conjunction with the number of men and women, in the Labour Party in particular, who have, by their own unaided efforts, raised themselves to positions of leadership in their particular sphere of action.

The result is surely that the House, as a whole, is better fitted to deal with the troubles, struggles, hardships, aspirations, and hopes of the average individual which it represents than were those of Victorian times.

Gone are the days when an audience of cloth-capped, tieless, and collarless individuals listened to their frock-coated Member, with his stiff collar and mutton-chop whiskers—who had never gone without a meal in his life—giving a solemn dissertation on some matter which he only knew at second-hand, but which was literally a question of bread and butter for his constituents in the audience.

If you have crouched for days in a wet trench, within a few hundred yards of the enemy, under artillery fire, which is greatly superior in weight to that which your own guns can give, you can appreciate the feelings of the underdog in general.

If you yourself, when desperately wanting work, have been unemployed, you can understand what unemployment means to the average decent wage-earner.

Thus, the modern House of Commons is closer, by ties of personal experience and sympathy to its electors than were its forerunners, despite the greater difficulty of getting into touch with the individual constituent owing to the growth of the electoral roll.

With the important qualification that there is nothing to replace the sheer oratory and wit of the Irish Nationa-

lists, I do not believe that the standard of speaking amongst Back-Bench Members in these days suffers, by comparison, with that of forty years ago.

But the House has really gained in prestige by their departure, since, as I have shown, their activities were—as they were intended to be—wholly destructive.

Those who criticise the standard of speaking to-day are seldom conversant with the facts. Modern requirements, not only within but without Parliament, demand the succinct and businesslike presentation of a case, if possible embellished with wit, good phrasing, and epigram, but not overlaid with the long involved rolling periods of the past.

Moreover, the truncated reports of Parliamentary debates which, for various reasons, are considered necessary by the Press of to-day, mean that, in most debates, only the speeches of Ministers and ex-Ministers obtain more than a few lines of print.

The public, unless it reads Hansard, cannot judge who are the good debaters amongst young or new Members.

In old days, when the Press Gallery—a very fair judge of the debating qualities of Members—had plenty of space at its disposal, it could give prominence to a speech or series of speeches by a 'Back-Bencher' of promise.

To-day, especially since the outbreak of war, such a course is almost impossible. The little-known Member, with expert knowledge of a particular subject, may make a most valuable speech, which, save in the provincial paper circulating in his constituency, is completely unreported.

I recall one instance of this which occurred some months ago. In the late autumn, Mr Nunn, Member of Parliament for Cockermouth, a man with a very extensive knowledge of China and the Far East, based on many years of business life spent there, made a clear concise well-argued speech, in which he warned the House what might happen in Malaya and Burma if Japan declared war on us. It contained, indeed, an exact prophecy of what has taken place. I think that only one newspaper mentioned it, in a few lines of print, and the Minister, replying for the Government, never commented upon it.

It is a fact that too many Ministers to-day do not attempt to answer points put in debate, but confine

themselves to a typewritten departmental brief. But that is due to what is probably only an ephemeral state of affairs—the huge predominance of Government supporters in recent Parliaments; these circumstances cause many Ministers to ignore the requirements and etiquette of debate. An Opposition, near in numbers to the Government, would correct this tendency.

But the best Front-Bench speakers of recent years—the present Prime Minister, Mr Lloyd George, Lord Simon, Lord Baldwin, at his best—are scarcely inferior to the giants of the early 1900's—Asquith, Balfour, Tim Healy, F. E. Smith. And during the thirty-seven years I have known it, the House has certainly advanced in tolerance, good manners, and a desire to achieve results.

WINTERTON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Malvern 1941, The Life of the Church and the Order of Society. The Vocation of England. Maurice B. Reckitt and J. V. Langmead Casserley.
Goethe and the Greeks. Humphrey Trevelyan.
English Night Life. Thomas Burke.
Happy World. Mary Carbery.
Richard II. Anthony Steel.
The Prussian Spirit. S. D. Stirk.

History of the Uniforms of the British Army. Cecil C. P. Lawson.
Immortal Portraits. Alex Stresser.
The Diffusion of English Culture. H. V. Routh.
The Public Schools and the Future. Donald Hughes.
The Indian States and Indian Federation. Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency.

MANY will welcome 'Malvern 1941, The Life of the Church and the Order of Society' (Longmans), being the proceedings of the Archbishop of York's Conference. In the minds of all those present at the Archbishop of York's Conference at Malvern was a common conviction that the modern world is the victim of a deep-seated and infinitely serious malady brought about by a social and economic order animated by motives and based upon principles that are a direct denial of the fundamental verities of man's being. Consequently the central aim of the selected speakers was to maintain and expound the relevance of the Christian theology to the whole complex of human disquietudes by which the world is everywhere beset to-day. 'All the great political problems of our day are primarily theological'; and the slowness of the Church to recognise this is a root cause of the Christian decline in England, for in its theology, rightly understood, the Church possesses the clue to all rightly ordered existence.

This somewhat unfamiliar claim of the relevance of theology to the human situation is not a novel one, but at Malvern it received formidable support from such astute and outstanding personages as Dorothy Sayers, Maurice Reckitt, and T. S. Eliot. Thus Miss Sayers had some very caustic observations to offer on the poverty of the average Christian mentality, both out of the pulpit as well as in it, exemplified in its preference for religion without theology. To Miss Sayers such religion is a heresy against the Logos.

To Mr Reckitt religion has positively misled men by

its neglect to deal with ends and purposes on the basis of the Christian doctrine of man and society. And Mr T. S. Eliot, in his paper on the Christian conception of education, argued that the true corrective to Humanism, a philosophy without metaphysics, is not religious instruction but a Christian doctrine of education which is a part of the Christian doctrine of man.

In so stressing the primacy of theology in all attempts to approach and rectify our national and social confusions the Malvern Conference has at least given the Church of England a new status in the field of sociology.

'The Vocation of England,' by Maurice B. Reckitt and J. V. Langmead Casserley (Longmans) is a most commendably thought-provoking book. There are many works published now dealing with England's past from the angle of the present and with the future from the angles of both past and present, but few can in the space of 170 pages give so comprehensive a survey, with the resulting conclusions. The chapter titles (The Opportunity of England, the English Political Tradition, Rural Life in Modern England, Urban Life in Modern England, Freedom in England, Religion in England, and the Responsibility of England) give a good idea of the contents. As the authors point out, England was the first country to exploit on a vast scale the latent possibilities of the new world created by the Industrial Revolution; yet the English mind has never ceased to delight in the pre-industrial scene, and 'good old England' still means the countryside. Much of the paradox of modern England comes from the conflict of actual urbanisation to a dangerous degree with the obstinate conviction that the countryside, even though but scantily lived in, is the real thing. In this book the English national and cultural tradition is treated as a reality quite as important as its contemporary economic system and

'the fundamental standpoint of the book may best be indicated by saying that it warmly espouses the cause of English traditions in their struggle against the prevailing economic institutions, and that its primary demand is for a new economic system in which our traditions can survive and freely express themselves in an England which has succeeded in preserving its fundamentally rural character by creating a just and sane relationship between town and countryside.'

This thesis is ably developed and the book deserves the most careful and sympathetic consideration.

At a first glance Mr Humphrey Trevelyan's '*Goethe and the Greeks*' (Cambridge University Press) does not seem timely, but a brief examination soon proves that it lightens considerably the darkness of the German mentality. From youth onward Goethe was haunted by the need to attain clarity of thought and vision, and divined that for him it would only be obtainable through the acquirement of a sound knowledge of the real meaning of Greek culture and all that it meant to European civilisation. Although the world in which he grew up was unaware of the Greeks there was something in the boy that made an understanding of them essential to his full development. This knowledge he slowly and painfully acquired, and thus became of European instead of merely Germanic stature. He came, as was natural, to Greece through Italy and Rome, and by doing so established one of the imperishable channels by which Prussianised Germany may be won into a European comity of nations. As one would expect, Mr Trevelyan has produced a masterly and completely convincing study, enabling us through an understanding of one great German to arrive at some understanding of the German man. With Goethe, many famous Germans have felt acutely that they could only escape from the miasma of German thought into clarity, balance, and sanity by Greek help. Mr Trevelyan traces chronologically Goethe's Odyssey, setting down with a grave charm and distinction every relevant fact and consideration. Why was it that, in spite of all his travail, Goethe never succeeded in climbing to that peak of serenity from which Shakespeare viewed the universe before his death? Why did his lifelong search for Greek balance and perfection go unsatisfied? Why could he not accept the discipline and perfection of Christian thought before his death? Is the chaotic mentality and muddled turbulence so characteristic of Wagner something which the German soul can never outgrow? Even illiterate, half-baked Hitler is somehow impelled to return to Roman architecture for inspiration whenever he designs a new beerhouse!

A new book by Mr Thomas Burke is always most welcome, so his '*English Night Life*' (Batsford) is

sure to bring pleasure. It is a difficult subject to deal with, as the more staid and virtuous forms of night life, a book and a pipe, or small informal parties and conversation or family games are not exciting to write about, while the very words 'night life' suggest something more lively. As Mr Burke writes in his preface

'Night life . . . Night club . . . Night bird. There is something about the word Night that sends through some Englishmen a shiver of misgiving and through another type a current of undue delight. The latter never get over the delight of Sitting Up Late; the others see anything happening after midnight as something verging on the unholy, as though Satan were never abroad in daylight.'

Undoubtedly there is but little of the quiet evening about Mr Burke's book, but there is plenty of gaiety, drinking, gambling, dancing, and pursuits which can hardly be called virtuous or dignified. In mediæval times miserable illumination in the houses, and even worse outside, sent people early to bed perforce. With the seventeenth century the nights began to get lively, and with the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries came the full tide of extravagant and often nauseating dissipation. Those were the days when, as Mr Burke writes, 'Haymarket was regarded by social students as a blot on London; an abomination, a cesspool of midnight corruption; a street of infamy'—and not only Haymarket. There is much that is historically interesting in this book and much that is entertaining. The illustrations, largely taken from Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, are, as those names suggest, both humorous and very much to the point, but no one can call them refined.

'Happy World,' by Mary Carbery (Longmans) is a very charming period piece of the late 1870's and early 1880's. It is also quite unintentionally a valuable study of child mentality and psychology, for it is not a case of old age looking back on youth and remembering what feelings were then, but a contemporary record actually written at intervals up to the age of fifteen, and now given, we are told, without any changes or editing other than omission of portions of lesser interest and the change of a few names for personal reasons. It is hard to say which is the most remarkable, the striking precocity and

sophistication of expression of childlike and naïve views and sentiments in some places or the naïve and immature expression of amazingly mature and sophisticated views and opinions in others. The child's summing-up of the characters and personalities of members of the family and household are so penetrating that would bring credit to a writer of much longer experience. Lady Carbery was one of a large and happy family, brought up with all the advantages of life in spacious country houses yet with a strong religious influence and insistence on duty as well as pleasure. The young author's powers of reporting conversations is notable, whether it be country labourers in Hertfordshire dialect or Mr Gladstone and Lord Acton dining with the Laurence Curries. There are also striking little personal touches, as when the girl author asks what Lord Salisbury meant by the strange word 'Damn' when his foot was trodden on at a children's party at Hatfield, or when she tells of what her grandmother said of her early broken romance with young Ben Disraeli. Let us hope that 'Dear Mr Longman' who is affectionately referred to in the book will persuade Lady Carbery to write more.

Although in the popular imagination he lives only in the honeyed phrases of Shakespeare, the reign of Richard II marks an important epoch in English history. In 'Richard II' (Cambridge University Press) Mr Anthony Steel, with literary grace and scholarly skill, puts Richard's reign at length in correct perspective. He was the last English king 'ruling by hereditary right, direct and undisputed, from the Conqueror,' and his violent deposition in 1399 marked definitely the end of one phase of English history and the beginning of another. The Peasants' Rising in 1381, the rise of Lollardy, and Wyclif and all he stood for, signified the birth of that sturdy protestantism which, questioning all things and insisting on man's right to decide his own destiny, had made English character what it now is. With Richard perished in this country the mediæval doctrine of divine right, and from its destruction we have arrived by long and devious ways at the prevailing doctrine of the divine right of majorities; nevertheless, as doctrine, the new is no more sacrosanct than its predecessor. During the five and a half centuries that have elapsed since it tentatively emerged in the Peasants' Rising, Democracy has

repeatedly been challenged, and the struggle in which we are now engaged will decide whether it is to survive in renewed power and efficiency, or whether it is to perish from the earth. We are, let us hope finally, learning the costly lesson that no power, regal or democratic, can survive if it has outlived its potency and usefulness. Mr Anthony Steel has placed not only scholars, but the general reader, in his debt for this fine and satisfying study. It is completed by a valuable Appendix and Bibliography, and has as a frontispiece an excellent enlargement of an illuminated initial from the MS. of Roger Dymok's 'Twelve Errors of the Lollards,' belonging to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The initial has a portrait of Richard throned and crowned which bears a striking resemblance to the reputed portrait belonging to Westminster Abbey.

Many claim that although we won the War of 1914-18 by our valour we lost the Peace by our ignorance of Germany, and, more particularly, of Prussia. If we lose the Peace that must follow the present struggle it will not be the fault of the Publishing Trade, which, in spite of many handicaps, has amply provided us with knowledge. That the many volumes on Germany already published find a large body of readers seems certain, because the spate continues. Amongst the most useful will be placed 'The Prussian Spirit,' by Mr S. D. Stirk (Faber), who, as it happens, is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Breslau. His avowed object is to inquire into the psychology, habits of mind, thoughts, feelings, spiritual background, and tradition of the German people as reflected in recent German literature. Although his sub-title limits him to 1914-40, Mr Stirk at times, necessarily, goes back much farther than that. It would be too much to expect that such a lordly survey could be compressed into two hundred and thirty pages. What, however, he successfully does do is to encourage us to explore the vast field for ourselves. It is doubtful if we know anything really dependable about the psychology of Germany; yet useful to remember that such a thing exists. Moreover, it is certain that anything published inside Germany since the achievement of power by Hitler is merely a mirror of Nazism. Rightly, Mr Stirk contends that Prussianism has spread all over Germany, and that

it is a mental and spiritual neurosis rather than a geographical factor. In his last chapter, entitled 'Retrospect and Prospect,' the author summarises his own views, which are provocative and stimulating.

Now that the British Army belongs to the British people, and they to the Army, there should be a warm welcome and a wide audience for Mr Cecil C. P. Lawson's 'History of the Uniforms of the British Army,' the second volume of which, covering exhaustively the period from 1715 to 1760, has recently been published by Peter Davies. Those who are fortunate enough to know the first volume need not be told that Mr Lawson, one of the greatest of living experts, does his work *con amore*. In a book of this type, small, exact, detailed illustrations are essential, and Mr Lawson is in the happy position of being able to supply from his own vigorous and lively pencil a considerable number of the two hundred and sixty reproduced. In addition there are two coloured plates. It is pleasant to find the old Militia uniforms so well described and illustrated; and even experts will welcome the very complete section on Hanoverian regiments, most of which is based on documents and books in the Windsor Castle Library. In a lively chapter on Highland regiments the vexed question of the origin of clan tartans is discussed with knowledge and common sense. A bibliography and reasonably full index complete a volume that is full of information, interest, and pleasure.

'Immortal Portraits' selected and with a commentary by Alex Stresser (Focal Press) is an instructive book. The plates illustrate the work of Daguerre in 1839 to that of Alvin Langdon Coburn in 1912, and include that of David Octavius Hill, Julia Margaret Cameron, William Fox Talbot, André Adolphe Disderi, Nader, Roger Fenton, and others. There are useful notes on the various photographic processes, as well as biographical information about the artists. Let it be granted at once that the term artist is not misplaced among the higher experts of the craft dealt with in this book, whatever we may think now of the perpetrators of 'studio portraits' in later Victorian times. Indeed, the portraits of Professor Munro, Lord Northampton, Ellen Terry, Sir John Herschel, Mrs Duckworth, and Thomas Carlyle will challenge com-

parison with any examples of portraiture at the present day, when photographic appliances and scientific equipment have so enormously developed. This volume makes a very interesting record.

The Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on three excellent additions to the Current Problems Series, namely, 'The Diffusion of English Culture,' by H. V. Routh, 'The Public Schools and the Future,' by Donald Hughes, and 'The Indian States and Indian Federation,' by Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency. Professor Routh's book is written 'to give the general public some idea of cultural propaganda, both the main outline and a glimpse into the less obvious but inevitable difficulties which accompany its progress.' Too long have we, with our easy-going tendencies and perhaps with the feeling that good wine needs no bush, allowed our culture, ideas, and literature to take their chance in foreign countries while other powers like Germany have been constantly and carefully and at great expense fostering German ideas and culture. At last some years ago the British Council came into being with official blessing, and together with other less official organisations has been pursuing its uphill but by no means unsuccessful course. In this book we are told of the scope and method of cultural propaganda, the kind of man most likely to accomplish its aims, and the best way of training him for his career, the new philology and its place in international culture, and the scope of the administrator who is also an educationalist. There is some discussion of the problem of English for culture and English for utility, and the fact that foreigners to a large extent only want the latter as a convenient *lingua franca* while we want to impress the former. This is a most clear, concise, and interesting study on an important subject.

Mr Hughes has written an equally interesting and useful book on the Public Schools. He rightly discounts the modern popular and futile talk about the old school tie. He pertinently remarks, 'Foreigners who are interested in this country must be entirely baffled by our attitude towards the Public Schools. Almost the only references that appear in print are whole-heartedly derogatory, picturing them as bourgeois (that most damning of all epithets), the last refuges of conservatism

and purveyors of decadence. Members of Parliament pour abuse on them, and it is with some surprise that the inquiring foreigner discovers that not only was the angry M.P. educated at one of those appalling institutions himself but that even while he was speaking his sons were going through the same degenerating process'!

Mr Hughes impartially considers the question of boarding school or day school, and having very rightly, as we think, decided in favour of the former, he explains how the system works to-day and how he thinks that it might be improved and put on a much wider basis. He frankly faces the many difficulties, social as well as financial, inherent in bringing large numbers of elementary school boys into the public schools, but does not consider them to be insuperable. He has much of interest to say about discipline, authority, teaching methods, games, and personnel. He lays very proper stress on religious education. 'Our job is to teach what we believe as if we believed it and as if it mattered.' Indeterminate generalisations taught by men who are obviously apathetic will not do. Scientific teachers will not allow woolly instruction in their subjects and religion is even more important and the true basis of character building. We should like to thank Mr Hughes warmly for a most useful, interesting, and stimulating little book.

In all the present discussion of Indian affairs and in the frequent accounts of Hindu and Moslem antagonisms and aims, we are apt to overlook the importance of the existence of the States under Indian rulers which actually cover about 40 per cent. of the whole country. That is why Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency's book, 'The Indian States and Indian Federation,' is particularly welcome. The attitude of the Princes towards a scheme of Federation must count largely in the settlement, whatever it may be. The loyalty of the States, with but trifling and infrequent exception, to the British Raj is beyond question. They are bound to us by solemn treaties and we are responsible for their integrity. To do anything to hand them over to the tender mercies of Congress would be an unthinkable disgrace. Sir Geoffrey gives an illuminating outline of the variety and past history of these States, and in so doing has to deal with the whole question of the government of India, past, present, and

future, including the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, the Round Table Conferences and the Acts of 1919 and 1935.

One sentence may well be quoted, 'Loyalty to the Crown was an article of faith with the Princes. Disloyalty was a course which Congress had pursued of late years with undeviating persistence. Attachment to the British Empire was a fundamental to the States. Severance of connection with the British Commonwealth was the constant slogan of the left wing of Congress.' Therein lies one of the major problems of Indian settlement—and what will the settlement be ?

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